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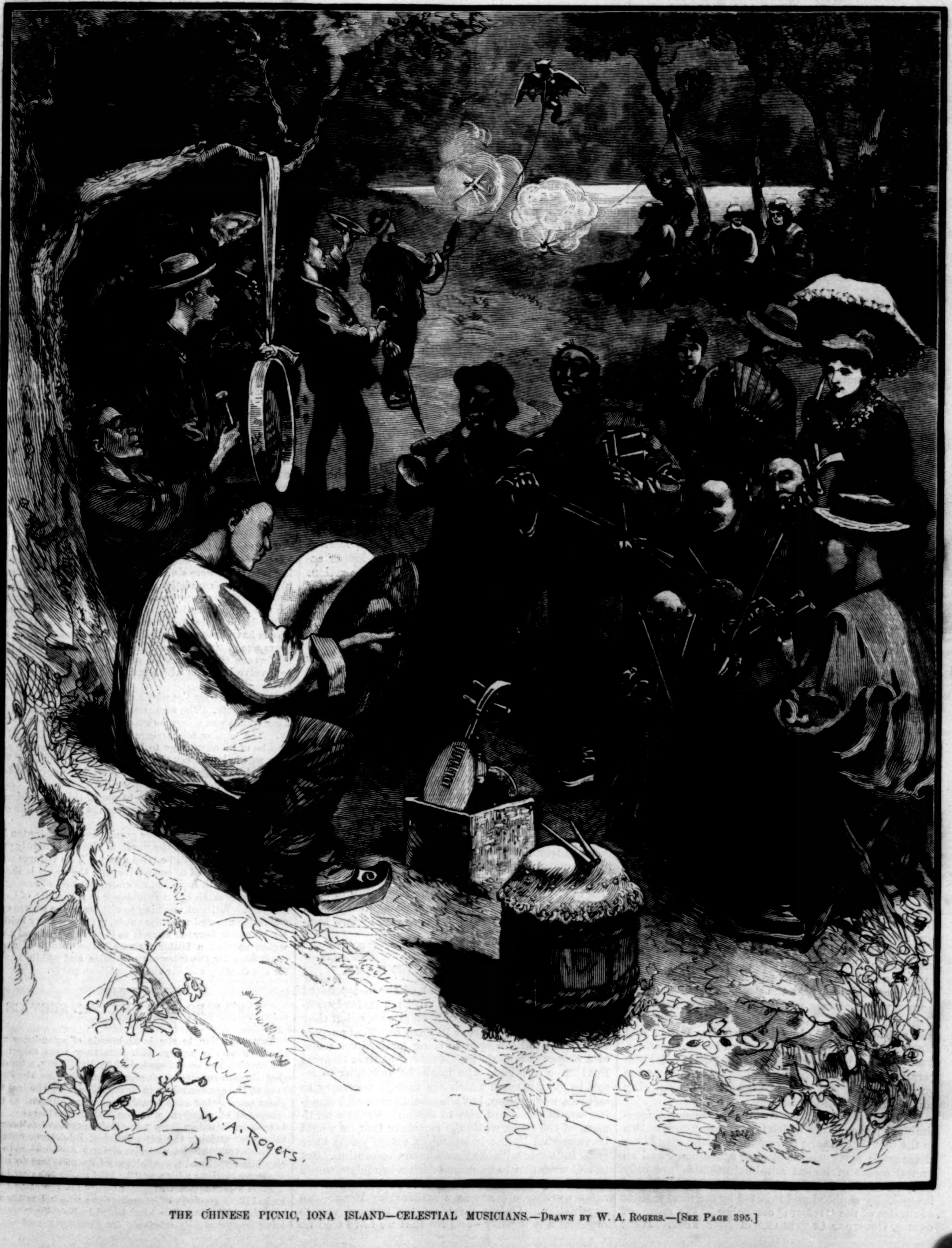


THE CHINESE PICNIC, IONA ISLAND—CELESTIAL MUSICIANS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 395.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"*—the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE BATTLE OF CANDIDATES.

THE preliminary canvass for the Democratic Presidential nomination is proceeding vigorously. With equal vigor proceeds the discussion of the principles or policy which the party shall profess in its platform, and it is a very warm contest. The free-trade Democrats insist that the party shall declare unequivocally against protection. But not only does Kentucky, the State of the chief free-trade leaders, dodge the question, but the Democratic protectionists argue substantially that the free-trade Democrats are fools. A leading free-trade Democratic journal asserts that the election of Mr. RANDALL as Speaker will dissolve the Democratic party, and a Democratic protectionist paper insinuates plainly that a free-trade platform will defeat the party. The policy proposed by the Democratic protectionists is the careful avoidance of all "questions," and reliance upon the cry of Republican misgovernment and corruption. This is a plan not without cunning, for it enables the Democrats to conceal the startling fact that the Democratic party represents no principle or policy whatever, and no reform but "change," while it attacks the Republican party at every weak point of its record.

This plan will be probably adopted. It is a makeshift which better suits the Democratic situation than the promulgation of a great national policy and its lively debate before the country. New York is undoubtedly the seat of the strongest free-trade sentiment. Yet it is in New York that the strongest Democratic expressions are heard against a free-trade platform. Indeed, in the city of New York the ablest and most influential advocates of tariff reform are Republican journals, while the Democratic journals, with Queen ELIZABETH's Chancellor, "smiling, put the question by." As we have said, the action of the Democratic Convention in Kentucky, where the most strenuous free-trade organ is published, and where the free-trade chiefs live, undoubtedly forecasts the action of the National Convention. But if this be so, the canvass of candidates has one most serious defect. If the favorite plan be, as we think, to offer the Democratic party to the country as a great agent of political purification and reform, however comical the proposition, the evidence that it is so must be sought in the candidate. Yet nobody is seriously mentioned as a candidate except the "old stagers," the war-horses whose names are perhaps too familiar, and General BUTLER. The most popular suggestion is said to be that of the old ticket, meaning TILDEN and HENDRICKS. The mere proposition is another illustration of the hopeless fatuity of the party. A Democratic campaign with the cipher dispatches as the gonfalon of reform would be the most side-splitting comedy in our political history.

The total want of sincerity in the Democratic preliminary performance which is now going on is shown in the fact that the one conspicuous public man in the Democratic party who is at once a Democrat and an honest seeker of honest administration is not only not prominently mentioned among the candidates, but is especially snubbed and rejected by the most earnest advocates of the "reform" campaign. We mean, of course, Governor CLEVELAND, of New York. He is a Democrat whose acts we have not always approved, and who is undoubtedly a strong party man. But he is the one Democratic leader in high position who plainly aims at honest administration for the sake of the public and not of his party. He especially represents what the party is going to profess to desire, and that he should be practically repudiated as a candidate, because he has fought jobbery and corruption in his own party, is conclusive proof of the hollowness of the Democratic pretense. Senator BECK evidently knows that there is not much general confidence in the virtue of the Democratic party. But if that party means to contest the election upon the ground of superior virtue, it should stop talking about candidates who were leaders when it lost its virtue, and about the old ticket, which recalls one of the most unscrupulous of personal campaigns.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF HARMONY.

HARMONY has not yet been completely established in either party. The plan proposed by the Republican sub-committee has not yet been approved by the central committee, and it is by no means commended by all sides of the party. There is always this difficulty in treaties and compromises and accommodations, that something must be given up, and each of the high contracting parties is always apprehensive that it has yielded more than its share. In the proposed scheme of Republican reorganization in the city the Stalwarts surrender the district associations as permanent caucuses under their control, and also the pledges which necessarily kept them under their control by excluding vast numbers of self-respecting voters. The Half-Breeds surrender an entire release from pledges by agreeing to a pledge to take part in no other party caucuses during the year. The weight of the surrender is obviously from the Stalwarts. But this is only fair, because it was under the Stalwart "primacy" that overwhelming defeat befell the party.

It is complained that the associations were the life of the party, and that to abandon them is to drift into inefficiency. The constant and unanswerable reply to this complaint is that under the system founded upon associations, as now constituted, the party was beaten by two hundred thousand majority. To call such associations indispensable and the life of the party is ludicrous to the last degree. It is not proposed to disband the associations, but to deprive them of their monstrous and illicit power, and to enable the great body of Republicans to vote at the primaries if they wish to vote. If the central committee should reject the new scheme, or seriously modify it, a very important issue would at once appear in the State campaign. The question of reorganization would become vital, and the party would be very gravely imperiled. The Republicans of New York showed plainly at the last election that they no longer acknowledge the authority of the existing organization. This is not solely because of the personal character of some of its leaders, but because of its vicious system. To continue that system is to defeat the party.

We do not say that to adopt the new scheme is to insure success. Success is not to be foretold. But to adopt it is to remove the obstruction which experience has terribly demonstrated to be fatal to the party. It is not worth while to accuse and recriminate. If anybody thinks himself to be a better Republican than somebody else, let him think so in peace. If anybody is comforted by describing somebody else as a kicker, a dodger, a shirker, a scratcher, a jayhawker, a cassowary, a renegade, a traitor, a deputy Democrat, or a lizard upon a hill, by all means let him be so comforted. But meanwhile it is necessary to remember that if Republican success in New York be desirable, it can not be achieved by a discredited leadership and a distrusted organization. It may be that intelligent and respectable Republicans will not take the trouble to be enrolled. We should deeply regret such indifference, and we should do our part in pointing out its culpable folly. But let all men and brethren remember that the possibility of such indifference is no reason for adhering to a system which gave the State to the Democrats by two hundred thousand majority.

THE GENERAL'S LITTLE GAME.

SOME of the reported leaders of the independent movement in Massachusetts which was lately announced have disavowed connection with it, but they probably do not disapprove its purpose. That purpose we suppose to have been to bring forward the name of a proper candidate for Governor against General BUTLER—a candidate who might be unwilling to resort to the measures which are usually necessary to secure a nomination, but whose character and standing would commend him to the anti-BUTLER sentiment of the State, while the certainty that he would be supported by the independent voters would have great influence with the Republican Convention. But as a Convention to nominate such a candidate would require a great deal of work, it is probable that the same work would secure a satisfactory Republican nomination. Unless, therefore, the purpose was to organize a new party—and for that we have seen no scheme—the reported meeting may be taken as an emphatic expression of the feeling that the paramount political necessity in Massachusetts is the defeat of General BUTLER in the autumn.

But is it clear that, under the circumstances, General BUTLER will be a candidate? He is hoping for the Presidential nomination of his party, and he has an understanding with JOHN KELLY. Mr. KELLY has been to Boston, and General BUTLER is coming to New York to make the "long talk" at Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July. In this situation the General must make no mistakes. Now he has thoroughly touched the pride and aroused the indignation of Massachusetts, by trying to show her up to the country as hypocritically inhuman. The rebutting evidence and the report of Mrs. Leonard upon the Tewksbury business show that his course has been signally unjust, and that it was taken purposely to humiliate the State. Should General BUTLER be a candidate for re-election there would be an immense vote, and the chances of his success would be at least extremely doubtful. He wisely announced before he outraged the feeling of the State that it was very uncertain whether he should run again. Should he venture, against the plain chances, and be defeated, his political career would end summarily. The General is a political gamester, and will he not think that there is a more promising game?

In view of his probable defeat, why should he not stand aside upon the plea that he has never intended to be a candidate, and see a Republican elected? He could then modestly point to himself as the only Democrat who, by his personal weight, can carry Massachusetts. His friends could whisper that, without Tammany, Democratic success is impossible in New York, and that Tammany is deeply impressed with the greatness and availability of General BUTLER, who could carry perhaps half New England and New York. Would this not be a more promising game than that which involves a tolerably sure defeat in Massachusetts and the end of the whole matter? There were many Republicans last year who were willing to see what BUTLER would do as Governor. They have now seen, and they are probably satisfied. It is not possible that he has won any Republicans by his course, and it is certain that thousands of Republicans who staid at home last year will not stay at home this year. The number of new voters in the State who know nothing of the history and character of Massachusetts, and who have no pride in them, is undoubtedly very large, but unless the State is radically changed, its Governor has not pursued the course which leads to re-election, and he will hardly tempt his fate.

THE STAR ROUTE VERDICT.

THE result of the Star Route trials can not be said to have surprised the country. There has been a vague feeling that there were sinister influences which would probably prevent a conviction, but nowhere a feeling that the accused persons were innocent. The result is unfortunate for the Administration, and for the national good name. There is no more doubt in the public mind that great frauds have been committed than there was seven or eight years ago of the Whiskey Ring swindles, and it is a public misfortune that when such offenses are so vast they seem to involve interests which make conviction almost impossible.

But it is not for the whole country only that the failure is unfortunate. The miscarriage of justice in the Whiskey Ring frauds was a very serious blow to the Republican party. The similar miscarriage in the Star Route swindles will be of no advantage to it. A noted Democratic politician was heard to say the other day after dinner: "We've got 'em! we've got 'em! By —— we have only got to say nothing and do nothing, and we have 'em sure!" *In vino veritas,* and it is worth while to see in this expression and in the tone of the Democratic press the probable line of the Democratic campaign.

It is useless to discuss the gossip from Washington in regard to the reasons of the verdict. But it is hardly probable that the case will be tried again. Two failures will be doubtless accepted as conclusive, and the result is that the government will have lost an enormous sum of money, and the country much of its confidence in a District of Columbia jury. Without meaning to disparage the efforts of any counsel connected with the cause, it may be truly said that Mr. MERRICK devoted himself to it with a zeal and ability which merited a better fortune. The verdict is a sorry conclusion for the interests of justice and public honesty, for the country and for the Republican party.

LOCAL BOARDS OF CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINERS.

THE objection to the local boards of examiners under the civil service reform bill, that they were taken from the service, has been disposed of by Mr. EATON, who states that the bill requires such selections. Besides, the experience of the examinations in New York during the last three years proves that such boards may be as efficient as those composed of members who are not in the service. The benefit of criticism from non-official persons has been obtained by inviting the attendance of intelligent outsiders at the examinations, and the Reform Association in this city has appointed a committee of its members to attend the examinations which will be held under the new law.

Such a committee will undoubtedly see the same honest and skillful conduct of examinations which has been observable hitherto. The local board in New York seems to have been carefully selected; Mr. COMSTOCK and General

WILLIAMS were members of the late board, and are perfectly familiar with the details and methods of examination and rating, and their associates, we believe, are gentlemen who will carefully co-operate in the work of the board.

The success of the reformed system depends in practice, of course, upon the good faith of those to whom its execution is intrusted. A merely perfunctory and evasive observance of the law would but intrench more securely the abuses which it is designed to correct. The work of the board is not extra, but the law makes it a part of the official duty of the members. That this was the intention of Congress must be inferred from the refusal to allow them extra compensation for their services upon the board. The service is therefore to be accounted part of the regular duty of the members selected under the law, to be discharged like other duties under the usual conditions. Any other view would imply that Congress intended to exact of public agents extra work without extra pay. Under the auspices of the President, who has shown no unfriendly disposition, there is no doubt that the work will be most honorably and efficiently done by the local board in New York.

QUESTIONABLE IMMIGRATION.

THE British steam-ship *Belgravia* brought to New York last week seven hundred Irish immigrants who had been aided by the British government to reach this country, and as many more are upon the way, who will be followed indefinitely by others. A dispatch to the *Evening Post* says that only the useless poor are sent out to America by the government. Honest, intelligent, and industrious immigrants from all parts of the globe are always welcome, but this country should not be made the dumping ground of European crime, pauperism, and idleness.

Such things are no more welcome in America than in the countries which cast them upon our shores. There are laws which hold ship companies responsible for bringing criminals and paupers to this country, and they are laws which should be strictly enforced. Every ship which brings such passengers should be summarily compelled to carry them back again at its own charges.

It is a serious offense for one nation to throw its helpless or criminal population upon the care of another, and it should not be permitted. It is a peculiarly unhandsome act upon the part of Great Britain toward the United States, because she has colonies of her own to which she might send those for whose helplessness British legislation is largely responsible. Certainly reprisals in kind would amaze Englishmen. The whole subject is in an unsatisfactory condition, and Congress ought to investigate it fully, and secure the country against heavy burdens which do not belong to it.

PRESIDENT SHALER.

GENERAL SHALER has been appointed President of the Board of Health. It is an appointment which is most creditable to the Mayor, and it is satisfactory to Professor CHANDLER, the late efficient President, whose renomination the Aldermen refused to confirm. General SHALER is a well-known citizen, whose energy and ability have been tested and approved, and the public will naturally expect from him a vigorous and effective administration of the important duties of the Board. It is shameful, however, that the appointment of so fitting an officer should depend upon the approval of such a body as the Board of Aldermen of New York, and it is no wonder that every Mayor feels that under such conditions good municipal government is almost impossible.

THE NIAGARA FALLS COMMISSION.

THE Niagara Falls Commission, having elected Mr. DORSHEIMER president, has decided, upon motion of Mr. SHERMAN S. ROGERS, of Buffalo, that a certain tract of land described in the resolution shall be selected and located as essential to the restoration of the cataract to its natural condition, and that, pending the final decision upon the subject, the State Engineer and Surveyor be requested to prepare a map of the tract, with the highways, buildings, and other erections upon the land.

It will be remembered that the duty of the Commission is to consider what land should be taken for the purpose of removing the disfiguring obstructions about the cataract which are fast destroying its beauty and grandeur, and to estimate the probable cost. It will then submit its report, and the next Legislature will decide whether the work shall be executed in accordance with the suggestion of the Commission.

Meanwhile there is the great satisfaction of knowing that here is a noble public enterprise, in which every New-Yorker has a natural pride and interest, confided to gentlemen whose character is the guarantee that no kind of jobbery or unfair dealing is possible, and that every just interest will be honorably considered.

QUACKS AND HERETICS.

THE American Medical Association at its annual meeting in Cincinnati refused to consider the revision of the code. That is to say, it declined to review or amend the prohibition of free consultation. The old code contains a clause, as we have before stated, which was intended to stigmatize the homœopathic practice as irregular. This was adopted nearly forty years ago, and it was undoubtedly intended to "finish" homœopathy.

Meanwhile homœopathy has advanced greatly in popular favor. Many carefully trained physicians of the old school have passed into the ranks of the new, and whatever theoretical view a physician may hold of the practice known as homœopathic, it is that of many of the most accomplished physicians and of the most intelligent patients in the country. It is therefore simply a question of common-sense and expediency whether the fellowship of a medical society shall be refused to physicians who think that they can be serviceable in saving human life and in the relief of human suffering by conferring with other intelligent physicians.

This refusal seems foolish to the New York State Medical Society, which, as we lately stated, has been excited by a proposition to reverse its liberal action of last year, and restore the old prohibition. In reply to our recent remarks, a Western physician writes to ask whether honest physicians ought to recognize quacks. To such a question we reply that honest physicians ought to do whatever they think to be of use to save life or relieve suffering, and to that end they must be entirely independent. Nobody knows better than physicians how uncertain their own knowledge is, and how progressive is science. Quackery in medicine is a term very like heresy in theology. But it is always well to remember that both LUTHER and CALVIN were heretics, and that the dissenting Puritans hung the dissenting Quakers.

GENERAL SHERMAN AT WEST POINT.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S address at West Point was very pathetic, because while his tone was half jocose, and he told several good stories, it was plain enough that he knew that it was the last time he should speak officially as the head of the army to its youngest officers. But his heroic and picturesque personality will always be one of the cherished traditions of the army, as his great services will be always one of the patriotic traditions of the country. He is himself an admirable illustration of the folly of the half-jealous suspicion of West Point as an aristocratic nursery of "wasp-waisted wampires," of which he told so capital a story.

Of that kind of wampire were GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, THOMAS, MEADE, SEDGWICK, and how many more, whose names are national treasures. If, as General SHERMAN said, there was great danger that the West Point Academy would be abolished in 1840, there is no such apprehension in 1883. Undoubtedly, at certain times, there have been malign influences there, and some of its pupils turned the skill which they acquired there against the flag which has always flown over the school. But none the less the service of West-Pointers was incalculable in keeping that flag flying over the whole country.

When the time shall arrive for General SHERMAN to withdraw from the command of the army he will find that he can never withdraw from the grateful regard of his country, which will follow him into his retirement undiminished and forever renewed.

THE INTERNATIONAL DINNER IN PARIS.

AT the dinner in Paris to the International Commission of the Boston Exhibition the United States were admirably represented by Mr. MORTON, the Minister, and Mr. GEORGE WALKER, the Consul-General. In a few well-chosen words, spoken in his own language, Mr. MORTON described the character and importance of Boston, and stated officially that Congress had especially sanctioned the Exhibition, and had remitted the payment of duties upon all foreign articles sent to it. Mr. MORTON also briefly summarized the operation of the revised tariff upon French exports to the United States. It affected chiefly works of art, but he mentioned a strong movement to secure a modification of this clause, and he concluded that the revised tariff was, upon the whole, advantageous to France.

Mr. WALKER made a capital speech in French, citing Massachusetts and Boston as characteristic illustrations of the practical operation of American institutions, which the French Commissioners would naturally study. No government, they would find, can be more stable than a popular government. There is little fear of a revolution which could only overturn itself, or of a conspiracy against chiefs who are chosen by the conspirators. Yet proud and confident in his own method as the American is, he knows that many roads lead to Rome, and that in other ways than his national intelligence and liberty can be promoted.

Mr. WALKER gracefully finished a singularly graceful and appropriate speech by expressing a wish that the Boston exposition may be as brilliant, as instructive, and civilizing as those great French exhibitions which by their signal success have so greatly justified and stimulated the Boston enterprise.

PERSONAL.

AN accomplished lady of this city, the daughter of an old merchant, remembers hearing her father say that he was the first person to lend the late A. T. STEWART one hundred dollars, and that his confidence in Mr. STEWART'S judgment in business matters was perfect from the first. "STEWART used to come to my store," he would say, "pass along the rows of boxes full of dry-goods, and predict at once which lots would sell and which would not. I never knew him to make a mistake about it. He was then just beginning his career, but if he said that a certain line of goods would not sell they were sure to remain unsold. He was a born buyer."

—A surgeon in the United States army who prided himself on his linguistic capacity learned some useful Chinese phrases one day from a Celestial in San Francisco. The next morning, being called to attend a Chinese patient, he determined to air his newly acquired knowledge, and on approaching the bedside of the invalid, addressed him with what he supposed to be the Chinese equivalent of our Anglo-Saxon "Good-morning to you." He was somewhat surprised to find himself picked up by the male relatives of the sick man and landed unceremoniously in the street. His crafty instructor had taught him as a salutation one of the most insulting string of epithets conceivable.

—The American wood-engraver having received much recognition in England, and been pronounced the best of his kind in existence, has at length made a sensation at the Paris Salon, where this year there were more than four hundred wood-engravings of various nationalities on exhibition. A private letter from that city announces that Mr. ROBERT HOSKIN, of New York, who sent to the Salon a frame containing a dozen specimens of his excellent work, chief among which were the "Sunday Morning in Surrey" and the "Frozen Fountain," well known to the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, has won a medal. We congratulate the artist on a personal success which is an honor to the art of his country.

—Mr. RUSKIN confesses that having himself been brought up almost exclusively in fairy-land, he is almost tempted to say that "no story should be told to children which is not untrue." At any rate, he is sure that no child will ever take so much delight in a real tale of history as in the story of the shipwreck of a walnut shell in a gutter; nor has any child ever made a pet of a mechanical mouse, or of a doll that walks by machinery; but "an ever-memorable little cousin used to pet the knob of my stick, and even made a night-gown for it, finally asking her mother, in timid and confidential whispers, whether she had better make any sleeves, because as Bibsy has no arms, perhaps she wouldn't like it." The writer of this paragraph, however, knows several bright boys who, after listening to a fairy story, immediately inquire if it is true, and when told that it is not true, invariably ask for a story that is true. Are the tastes of the present generation more realistic than those of the last, or is the instance just mentioned an exceptional one?

—GOETHE'S moral character having received a whitewashing from Professor J. S. BLACKIE, the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that GOETHE did not marry CHRISTIANE VULPINS till some twenty years after her eldest child was born, and that his blackest fault was not his ill-regulated passion, but his very well regulated heartlessness. "He was one of the greatest of men of letters; he was also a very wise man; but to make him out a 'perfectly virtuous man,' to sweep away the evidence which shows him to have been anything but perfectly virtuous, is, we doubt, more than seven Scotch professors, furnished with seven mops, each consisting of a brand-new definition of virtue, can do in half a year or half a century."

—The legatees of the late AMASA STONE, of Cleveland, Ohio, have made themselves memorable. Having learned that one or two of the millionaire's relatives, to whom he had been very friendly, were overlooked in the will, they agreed to assess themselves generously to create a fund for them. This course does seem better than to allow your father's name to be dragged through the mire of a lawsuit in a surrogate's court.

—JEFF DAVIS is described as speaking slowly, and "with great deliberation and elegance of language." He gives the *s* sound a prolonged sibilant quality, which, however, is "soft and pleasant to the ear." His memory is excellent. "Soon after I had finished conversing with him," says the candid reporter, "he leaned his head down and went to sleep."

—The death of that honored New York merchant, Mr. NORMAN WHITE, will be widely regretted. Like the late Mr. WILLIAM E. DODGE, whose sister he married, Mr. WHITE was a philanthropist by nature, and a born manager of charitable enterprises. He had been the president of the New York Bible Society, and the vice-president of the American Bible Society and of the Union Theological Seminary, and he may be called the founder of the New York Sabbath Society. For several years he was the president of the Mercantile National Bank. His age was seventy-eight. Mr. WHITE represented a type of citizen that is fast disappearing.

—Referring to the recent efforts of some lawyers in this city to secure the discharge from an insane asylum of a rich inmate "whom a competent and impartial physician pronounced the most decided lunatic he had ever met," one of our esteemed contemporaries hopes that Judge CULLEN will not dismiss the case without finding out who employed the lawyers, and how much pay the latter are expecting to receive. "If it appears that they employed themselves, a judicial decision on the question whether it is professional for lawyers to beat up the dangerous wards of lunatic asylums in search of rich clients would be of general interest."

—The fame of Mr. IGNATIUS DONNELLY'S *Atlantis* (HARPER & BROTHERS, publishers) has extended to Spain, and one of the foremost of Spanish scholars is engaged in making a translation of this fascinating work for publication in that country. The book has passed through ten large editions in the United States, and has also had an extensive sale in England.

—Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the eminent physician, writes that the greatest harm of cigarette-smoking arises from inhaling the smoke directly into the lungs, where it comes into immediate contact with the circulation, and produces an effect felt by a sensitive person to the tips of the fingers. He recommends the use of a cigarette-holder, or mouth-piece, which opens transversely in the middle, disclosing a small cavity filled with cotton-wool. This wool, after six cigarettes have been smoked, becomes "saturated with a brown fluid like treacle, of powerfully offensive odor, and disagreeable beyond belief. The wool then requires to be changed, and in this manner the evil of smoking is very greatly diminished," becoming, indeed, less than in any other form of tobacco-smoking.

—Says the *Lancet:* "Dram-drinking is bad, and excessive tea-drinking is bad, but we think that medical men may say a word now and then against indiscriminate aperient-drinking. An aperient is not, as many think, a cure for every little malady that flesh is heir to, and to introduce an aperient as a feature of one's daily diet is not a step that should be lightly undertaken."

—Dr. GEORGE A. SCOTT, inventor of the electric brush, sailed recently for Europe, accompanied by his father. It is his intention to make an extensive tour.

—JOHN BROWN, the late servant of Queen VICTORIA, will receive from her Majesty the honor of at least four monuments, one of them a tablet in St. George's Chapel, another a shaft of granite at the head of his grave in Crathie, a third a brass plate in the mausoleum at Frogmore, where the Prince Consort lies buried, and a fourth a cairn on a mountain near Balmoral. How many other tributes of the Queen's affection will serve to keep the gillie's name in public remembrance it is impossible to predict.

—The grounding of the steam-ship *City of Rome* in the channel of New York Harbor has led to a fresh and more serious consideration of a great peril to the commerce of this port, and Mr. THOMAS HENDERSON, Jun., of the Anchor Line, tells a reporter that the cost of putting the channel in a proper condition would be less than the sum already expended in deepening the river Clyde.

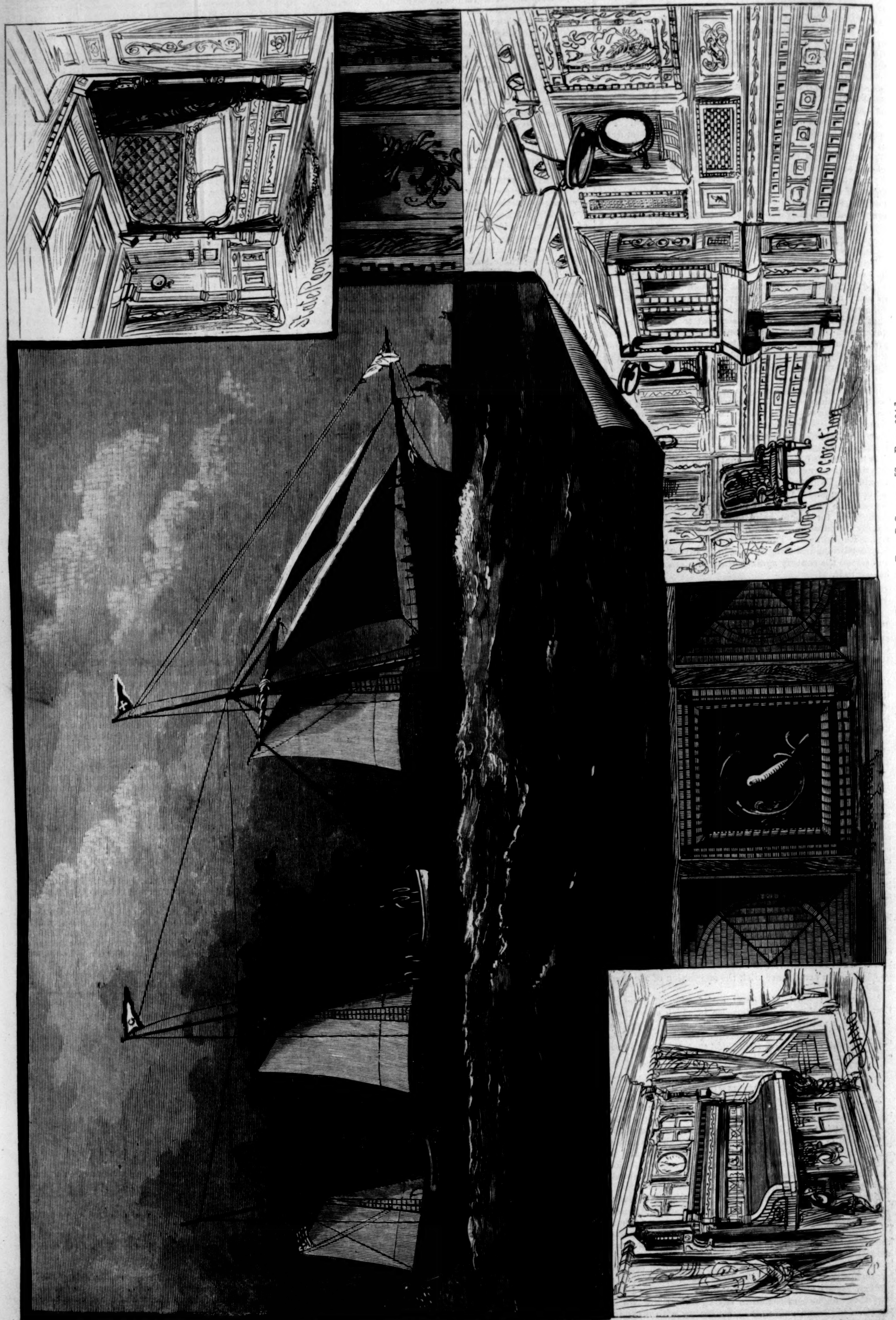
—Mr. HENRY WATTERSON is impressed by "the magnificent scale" on which Governor TILDEN is reconstructing his house in Gramercy Park, a full description of which was given in a recent number of this journal. That the old library is still the same, "being held from the hand of despoiling splendor," is a token of the Governor's "affectionate remembrance of old times, old friends, and old books."

—JULES BRETON'S paternal heart must be greatly rejoiced over the professional success of his only child, the charming Madame DEMONT-BRETON, whose contribution to the present Salon is described in the *Academy* as "only a little less admirable than the work of M. JULES BRETON himself." The picture "represents the sandy and weed-strewn coast of some sunny and southern land, where a dark young mother sits on a hillock and handles a baby, while one or two other children, one of them with curious agility of figure and vivacity of dark brown eyes, sport, lolling naked in the breeze and the sunshine."

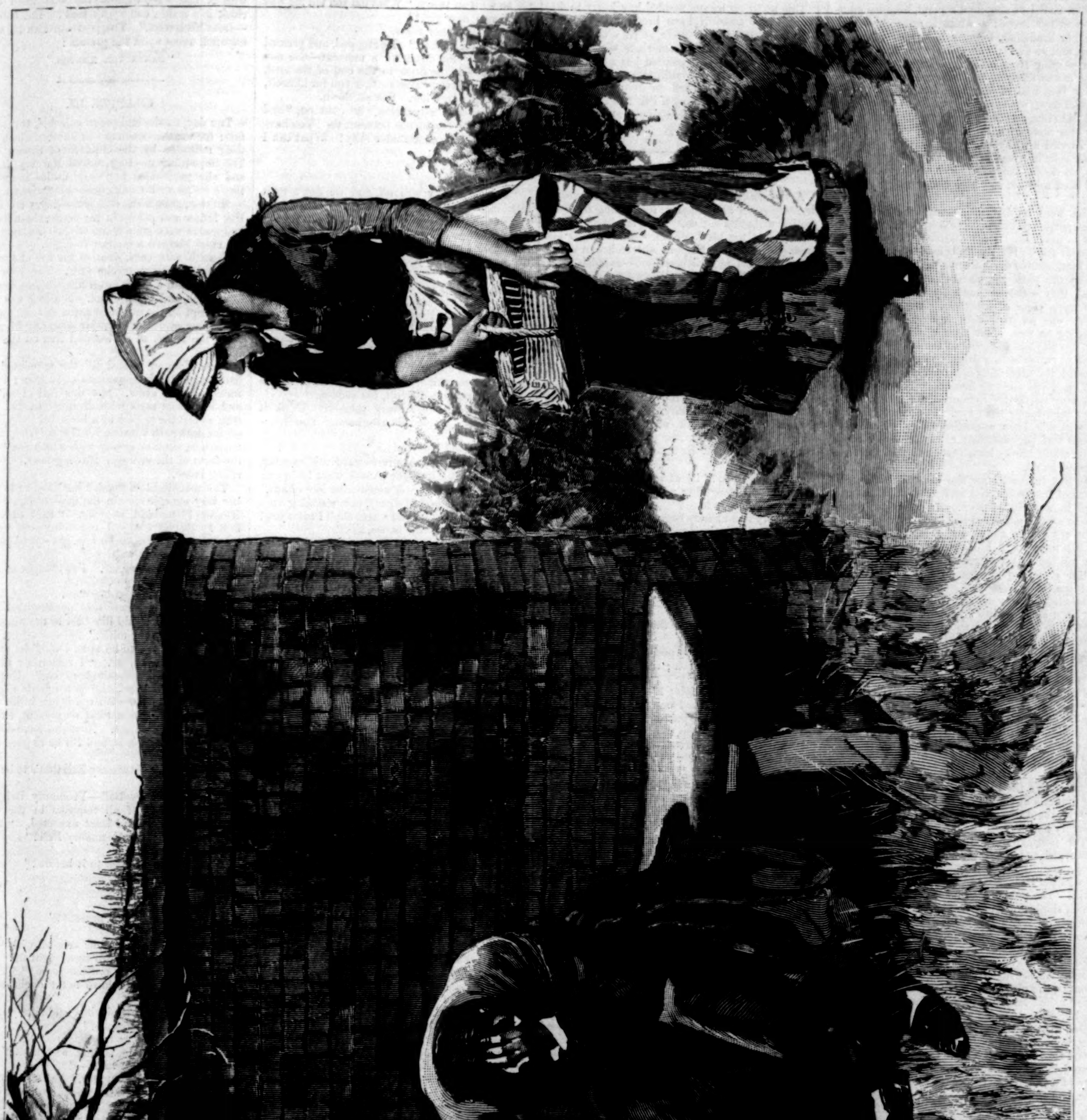
—During the last twenty years about two hundred new operas have been produced in Germany, only four or five of which, with the exception of WAGNER'S, have survived. Italy borrows half of her operas from Germany and France, and France, according to a leading German critic, is producing nothing worthy of being sung in Germany. But this is no reason why New-Yorkers should never hear anything new in the Academy of Music.

—Mlle. JULIE, a French model, is described as possessing a slight, slippy figure, a well-set little head on an unusually beautiful neck, gray eyes, blonde hair rather *à la Greuze*, and the little feet and dumpy fingers with the pointed tips and the small, long nails that are so common with the Parisian model. She has a taste for dress, and knows it and shows it.

—There is an old custom in Bavaria that outside of the limits of the city of Munich not more than four horses may draw a carriage; so when the Princess ISABELLA of Bavaria was married to the Duke of Genoa she contented herself with a carriage and four and two outriders. The bride wore a dress of white satin embroidered in silver, with a court mantle of the same material, and a crown of myrtle, instead of orange flowers.



MR. JAY GOULD'S NEW YACHT, "THE ATALANTA."—Drawn by Fred. B. Schell.—[See Page 394.]



"WITH ONE HAND HE WAS TIGHTLY GRASPING HIS FOREHEAD, WITH THE OTHER HIS KNEE."

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER I.

It was half past five o'clock, on the morning of the 5th of May. A dense white fog hung over the valley of the Swenn, and spread up the hills on either side.

But though nothing in the vale could be seen from higher ground, notes of differing kinds gave pretty clear indications that bustling phases of life had existence there. This audible presence and visual absence of an active scene was very peculiar. Nature had laid a white hand over the creatures ensconced within the vale, as a hand might be laid over a nest of chirping birds.

The noises that ascended through the pallid coverlet were perturbed lowings, mingled with human voices in sharps and flats, and the bark of a dog. These, followed by the slamming of a gate, explained as well as eyesight could have done, to any inhabitant of the district, that Dairyman Tucker's under-milker was driving the cows from the meads into the stalls. When a rougher accent joined in the vociferations of man and beast, that same inhabitant would have distinguished that Dairyman Tucker himself had come out to meet the cows, pail in hand, and white pinafore on; and when, moreover, some women's voices joined in the chorus, that the cows were stalled, and proceedings about to commence.

A comparative hush followed, the atmosphere being so stagnant that the milk could be heard buzzing into the pails, together with the words of the milkmaids and men whenever they spoke above gossiping tones.

"Don't ye bide about long upon the road, Margery. You can be back again by skimming-time."

The rough voice described as Dairyman Tucker's was the vehicle of this remark. Then the barton gate slammed again, and in two or three minutes a something became visible, rising out of the fog in that quarter.

First, the shape revealed itself as that of a woman. Next, the gait, which was the gait of one young and agile. Next, the colors

and other details of her dress—a bright pink cotton frock, because winter was over; a small woollen shawl of shepherd's plaid, because summer was not come; a white handkerchief tied over her head-gear, because it was so foggy, so damp, and so early; and a straw bonnet and ribbons peeping from under the handkerchief, because it was likely to be a sunny May day.

Her face was of the hereditary type among families down in these parts: sweet in expression, perfect in hue, and somewhat irregular in feature. Her eyes were of a liquid brown. On her arm she carried a withy basket, in which lay several butter-rolls in a nest of wet cabbage leaves. She was, no doubt, the "Margery" of the voice, who had been told not to "bide about long upon the road."

She went on her way across the fields, not much perplexed by the fog, except when the track was so indefinite that it ceased to be a guide to the next stile. She carefully avoided treading on the innumerable earth-worms that lay in couples across the path till, startled even by her light tread, they withdrew suddenly into their holes. She kept clear of all trees. Why was that? There was no danger of lightning on such a morning as this. But though the roads were dry, the fog had gathered in the boughs, causing them to set up such a dripping as would go clean through the protecting handkerchief like bullets, and spoil the ribbons beneath. The beech and ash were particularly shunned, for they dripped more maliciously than any. It was an instance of woman's keen appreciativeness of nature's moods and peculiarities: a man crossing those fields might hardly have perceived that the trees dripped at all.

In less than an hour she had traversed a distance of four miles, and arrived at a latticed cottage in a secluded spot. An elderly woman, scarce awake, answered her knocking. Margery delivered up the butter, and said, "How is granny this morning? I can't stay to go up to her, but tell her I have returned what we owed her."

Her grandmother was no worse than usual; and receiving back the empty basket, the girl proceeded to carry out some intention which had not been included in her orders. Instead of returning to the light labors of skimming-time, she hastened on, her direction being toward a little neighboring town. Before, however, Margery had proceeded far, she met the postman, laden to the neck with letter-bags, of which he had not yet deposited one.

"Are the shops open yet, Samuel?" she said.

"Oh no," replied that stooping pedestrian, not waiting to stand upright. "They won't be open yet this hour, except the saddler and iron-monger and little tacker-haired machine-man for the farm folk. They downs their shutters at half past six, then the baker's at half past seven, then the draper's at eight."

"Oh, the draper's at eight." It was plain that Margery had wanted the draper's.

The postman turned up a side path, and the young girl, as though deciding within herself that if she could not go shopping at once she might as well get back for the skimming, retraced her steps. The public road home from the point to which she had arrived was easy of access, but devious. By far the nearest way was by getting over a fence adjoining, and crossing the private grounds of a picturesque old country house, whose chimneys were just visible through the trees. As the house had been shut up for many months, the girl decided to take the straight cut. She pushed her way through the laurel bushes, sheltering her bonnet with the shawl as an additional safeguard, scrambled over the wire boundary, went along through more shrubberies, and stood ready to emerge upon the open lawn. Before doing so she looked around in the wary manner of a poacher. It was not the first time that she had broken fence in her life, but somehow, and all of a sudden, she had felt herself too near womanhood to indulge in such practices with freedom. However, she moved forth, and the house front stared her in the face, unobscured by the fog because close at hand.

It was a building of the medium size, and unpretending, the façade being of stone, and of the Italian elevation made familiar by the works of Inigo Jones. There was a doorway to the lawn, standing at the head of a flight of steps. The shutters of the house were closed, and the blinds of the bedrooms drawn down. Her perception of the fact that no crusty care-taker could see her from the windows led her at once to slacken her pace, and stroll through the flower beds coolly. A house unblinded is a possible spy, and must be treated accordingly; a house with the shutters closed is an insensate heap of stone and mortar, to be faced with indifference.

On the other side of the house the greensward rose to an eminence, whereon stood one of those curious summer shelters that are sometimes erected on exposed points of view, called an all-the-year-round. In the present case it consisted of four walls radiating from a centre like the arms of a turnstile, with seats in each angle, so that whencesoever the wind came it was always possible to find a screened corner from which to observe the landscape.

The milkmaid's trackless course led her up the hill and past this erection. At ease as to being watched and scolded as an intruder, her mind flew to other matters, till at the moment when she was not a yard from the shelter, she heard a foot or feet scraping on the gravel behind it. Some one was in the all-the-year-round, apparently occupying the seat on the other side, as was proved when, on turning, she saw an elbow, a man's elbow, projecting over the edge.

Now the young woman did not much like the idea of going down the hill under the eyes of this person, which she would have to do if she went on, for as an intruder she was liable to be called back and questioned upon her business there. Accordingly she crept softly up and sat in the seat behind, intending to remain there until her companion should leave.

This he by no means seemed in a hurry to do. What could possibly have brought him there, what could detain him there, at six o'clock on a morning of dense mist when there was nothing to be seen or enjoyed, puzzled her not a little. But he remained quite still, and Margery grew impatient. She discerned the track of his feet in the dewy grass, forming a line from the house steps, which announced that he was an inhabitant and not a chance passer-by. At last she peeped round.

CHAPTER II.

A FINE-FRAMED dark-mustached gentleman, in dressing-gown and slippers, was sitting there in the fog without a hat on. With one hand he was tightly grasping his forehead, with the other his knee. The attitude bespoke with sufficient clearness a certain mental condition—anguish. He was quite a different being from any of the men to whom her eyes were accustomed. His hands and his face were white—to her view deadly white—and he heeded nothing outside his own existence. There he remained as motionless as the unwafted bushes around him; indeed, he scarcely seemed to breathe.

Having imprudently advanced thus far, Margery's wish was to get back again in the same unseen manner; but in moving her foot for the purpose it grated slightly on the gravel. He started up with an air of bewilderment, and slipped something into the pocket of his dressing-gown. The pair then stood looking blankly at each other.

"Who are you?" he at length asked, sternly, and with not altogether an English articulation. "What do you do here?"

Margery had already begun to be frightened at her own boldness in invading the lawn and pleasure-seat. The house had a master, and she had not known of it. "My name is Margaret Tucker, sir," she said, meekly. "My father is Dairyman Tucker. We live at Stickleford Dairy-house."

"What were you doing here at this hour of the morning?"

She told him, even to the fact that she had climbed over the fence.

"And what made you peep round at me?"

"I saw your elbow, sir; and I wondered what you were doing."

"And what was I doing?"

"Nothing. You had one hand on your forehead and the other on your knee. I do hope you be not ill, sir, or in deep trouble?"

"What difference would it make to you if I were ill or in trouble? You don't know me, and can not care for me."

She returned no answer, feeling that she might have taken a liberty in expressing sympathy. But looking furtively up at him, she discerned to her surprise that he seemed affected by her humane wish, simply as it had been expressed. She had scarcely conceived that such a tall dark man could know what gentle feelings were.

"Well, I am much obliged to you for caring how I am," said he, with a faint smile and an affected lightness of manner, which, even to her, only rendered more apparent the real gloom beneath. "I have not slept this past night. I suffer from sleeplessness. Probably you don't."

Margery laughed a little, and he glanced with interest at the comely picture she presented: her fresh face, brown hair, candid eyes, unpracticed manner, country dress, pink hands, empty wicker basket, and the handkerchief over her bonnet.

"Well," he said, after his scrutiny, "I need hardly have asked such a question of one who is Nature's own image.... Ah, but, my good little friend," he added, recurring to his bitter tone and sitting wearily down, "you don't know what great clouds can hang over some people's lives, and what cowards some men are in face of them. To escape themselves they travel, take picturesque houses, and engage in country sports. But here it is so dreary, and the fog was horrible this morning."

"Why, this is only the pride of the morning!" said Margery, brightly. "By-and-by it will be a beautiful day."

She was going on her way forthwith, but he detained her—detained her with words, talking on every innocent little subject he could think of. The feint of this was so transparent that one thing was beyond question: he had an object in keeping her there more serious than his words would imply. It was as if he feared to be left alone.

While they still stood, the misty figure of the postman, whom Margery had left a quarter of an hour earlier to follow his sinuous course, crossed the grounds below them on his way to the house. First signifying to Margery by a wave of his hand that she was to step back out of sight in the hinder angle of the shelter, the gentleman beckoned to the postman to bring the bag to where he stood. The man, who recognized him, did so, and again resumed his journey.

The stranger unlocked the bag and threw it on the seat, having taken one letter from within. This he read attentively, and his countenance changed.

The effect was as if the sun had burst through the fog upon that face: it became clear, bright, almost radiant. The change was almost phantasmagorial; yet it was but a change that may take place in the commonest human being, provided his countenance be not too wooden, or his artifice have not grown to second nature. He turned to Margery, who was again edging off, and seizing her hand, appeared as though he were about to embrace her. Checking his impulse, he said, "My guardian angel—my good friend—you have saved me!"

"What from?" she ventured to ask.

"That you may never know!" he replied, solemnly.

She guessed that the letter he had just received had been the means of effecting this change for the better in his mood, but made no observation till he went on to say, "What did you tell me was your name, dear girl?"

She repeated her name.

"Margaret Tucker." He stopped, and pressed her hand. "Sit down for a moment—one moment," he said, pointing to the end of the seat, and taking the extremest further end for himself, not to discompose her. She sat down.

"It is to ask a question," he went on, "and there must be confidence between us. You have saved me from indescribable folly! What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing?"

"Father is very well off, and we don't want anything."

"But there must be some service I can render, some kindness I can bestow, some votive offering which I could make, and so imprint on your memory as long as you live that I am not an ungrateful man."

"Why should you be grateful to me, sir?"

He shook his head. "Some things are best left unspoken. Now think. What would you like to have best in the world?"

Margery made a pretense of reflecting—then fell to reflecting seriously; but the negative was ultimately as undisturbed as ever: she could not decide on anything she would like best in the world; it was too difficult, too sudden.

"Very well—don't hurry yourself. Think it over all day. I ride this afternoon. You live—where?"

"Stickleford Dairy-house."

"I will ride that way homeward this evening. Do you consider by eight o'clock what little article, what little treat, you would most like of any."

"I will, sir," said Margery, now warming up a little to the idea. "And where shall I meet you? Or will you call at the house, sir?"

"Ah—no. I should not wish the circumstances to be known out of which our acquaintance arose. It would be more proper—but no."

Margery, too, seemed rather anxious that he should not call. "I could come out, sir," she said. "My father is odd-tempered, and perhaps—"

It was ultimately agreed that she should look over a stile at the top of her father's garden, and that he should ride along a bridle-path without, to receive her answer. "Margery," said the gentleman in conclusion, "now that you have discovered me under peculiar conditions, are you going to reveal them, and make me an object for the gossip of the curious?"

"No, no, sir," she replied, earnestly; "why should I do that?"

"You will never tell?"

"Never, never will I tell what has happened here this morning."

"Neither to your father, nor to your friends, nor to any one?"

"To no one at all," she said, a little puzzled.

"It is sufficient," he answered. "You mean what you say, my dear maiden. Now you want to leave me. Good-by."

She descended the hill, walking with some awkwardness, for she felt the stranger's eyes were upon her, till the fog had enveloped her from his gaze. She took no notice now of the dripping from the trees; she was lost in thought on other things. How had she saved this handsome, melancholy, sleepless foreign gentleman who had had a trouble on his mind till the letter came? What had he been going to do? Margery did not know. Strange as the incident had been in itself, to her it had seemed stranger even than it was. Contrasting colors heighten each other by being juxtaposed; it is the same with contrasting lives.

Reaching the opposite side of the park, there appeared before her for the third time that little old man, the foot-post. As the turnpike-road ran, the postman's beat was twelve miles a day, six miles out from Anglebury, and six miles back at night; but what with zigzags, devious ways, offsets to country-seats, horseshoe curves to farms, looped courses and isosceles triangles to outlying hamlets, the ground actually covered by him was nearer one-and-twenty miles. Hence it was that Margery, who had come straight, was still abreast of him, despite her long pause.

The weighty sense that she was mixed up in a tremendous and tragical secret with an unknown, mysterious, and handsome stranger prevented her joining very readily in chat with the postman for some time. But a keen interest in her adventure caused her to respond at once when the bowed man of mails said: "You hit athwart the grounds of Mount Lodge, Miss Margery, or you wouldn't ha' met me here. Well, somebody hev took the old place at last."

In acknowledging her route Margery brought herself to ask who the new gentleman might be.

"Guide the girl's heart, what don't she know? And yet how should ye?—he's only just a-come. Well, primary, he's a fishing gentleman, come for the summer only. Then, more to the subject, 'a's a foreign noble that's lived in England so long as to be a kind of mule as to country; some of his letters call him Baron, some Squire, so that 'a must be born to something that didn't come by reason. But to return to the real compass of this matter, whether 'a's a rich man in my eye and a poor man in's own, or a rich man in his own and mine too, I can't interpret no more than Pharaoh. 'A was out this morning a-watching the fog. 'Postman,' 'a said, 'give me the bag,' quite easy like. Oh yes, 'a's a civil, genteel noble enough, that's true."

"Took the house for fishing, did he?"

"Well, that's what they say, and it can't be for nothing else, I suppose it's true. But, in final, his health's not good, 'a b'lieve; and he's been living too rithe. The London smoke got into his keakhorn, till 'a couldn't eat. However, I shouldn't mind having the run of his kitchen."

"And what is his name?"

"Ah—there you have me! 'Tis a name no man's tongue can tell, or even woman's, except by pen and ink and good scholarship. It begins with X, and who, without the machinery of a clock in's inside, can speak that? But here 'tis—from his letters." The postman with his walking-stick wrote upon the ground:

"BARON VON XANTEN."

CHAPTER III.

THE day, as she had prognosticated, turned out fine; for weather-wisdom was imbibed along with their milksops by the children of Swenn Vale. The impending meeting moved Margery deeply, and she performed her daily duties in her father's house with mechanical unconsciousness.

Milking, skimming, cheese-making, were done. Her father was asleep in the settle, the milkmen and maids were gone home to their cottages, and the clock showed a quarter to eight. She dressed herself with care, went to the top of the garden, and looked over the stile. The view was eastward, and a great moon hung before her in a sky which had not a cloud. Nothing was moving except on the minutest scale, and she remained leaning over, the night-jar sounding his rattle from the bough of an isolated tree on the open hill-side.

Here Margery waited till the appointed time had passed by three-quarters of an hour; but no foreign baron came. She was full of an idea, and her heart sank with disappointment. And then at last the pacing of a horse became audible on the soft path without, leading up from the water-meads, simultaneously with which she beheld the form of the stranger drawing near. He was riding home.

The moonlight so flooded her face as to make her very conspicuous in the garden gap. "Ah, Margery!" he said, starting. "How came you here? But of course I remember—we were to meet. And it was to be at eight—*proh pudor!*—I have kept you waiting!"

"It doesn't matter, sir. I've thought of something."

"Thought of something?"

"Yes, sir. You said this morning that I was to think what I would like best in the world, and I have made up my mind."

"I did say so—to be sure I did," he replied, collecting his thoughts. "I remember to have had good reason for gratitude to you." He placed his hand to his brow, and in a minute alighted, and came up to her with the bridle in his hand.

"I was to give you a treat or present, and you could not think of one. Now you have done so. Let me hear what it is, and I'll be as good as my word."

"To go to the Yeomanry Ball that's to be given this month."

"The Yeomanry Ball—Yeomanry Ball?" he murmured, as if, of all requests in the world, this was what he had least expected. "Where is what you call the Yeomanry Ball?"

"At Casterbridge."

"Have you ever been to it before?"

"No, sir."

"Or to any ball?"

"No."

"But did I not say a present?"

"Or a treat."

"Ah, yes, or a treat," he echoed, with the air of one who finds himself in a slight fix. "But with whom would you propose to go?"

"I don't know. I have not thought of that yet."

"You have no friend who could take you, even if I got you an invitation?"

Margery looked at the moon. "No one who can dance," she said, adding, with hesitation, "I was thinking that perhaps—"

"But, my dear Margery," he said, stopping her, as if he half divined what her simple dream of a cavalier had been, "it is very odd that you can think of nothing else than going to a Yeomanry Ball. Think again. You are sure there's nothing else?"

"Quite sure, sir," she decisively answered. At first nobody would have noticed in that pretty young face any sign of such decision; yet it was discoverable. The mouth, though soft, was firm in line; the eyebrows were distinct, and extended near to each other. "I have thought of it all day," she continued, sadly. "Still, sir, if you are sorry you offered me anything, I can let you off."

"Sorry? Certainly not, dear Margery," he said, rather nettled. "I'll show you that whatever hopes I have raised in your breast I am honorable enough to gratify. If it lies in my power," he added, with sudden firmness, "you *shall* go to the Yeomanry Ball. In what building is it to be held?"

"In the Assembly Rooms."

"And would you be likely to be recognized there? Do you know many people?"

"Not many, sir. None, I may say. I know nobody who goes to balls."

"Ah, well; you must go, since you wish it; and if there is no other way of getting over the difficulty of having nobody to take you, I'll take you myself. Would you like me to do so? I can dance."

"Oh, yes, sir; I know that, and I thought you might offer to do it. But would you bring me back again?"

"Of course I'll bring you back. But, by-the-bye, can *you* dance?"

"Yes—reels, and jigs, and country dances like the 'New-rigged Ship,' and 'Follow my Lover,' and 'Haste to the Wedding,' and the 'College Hornpipe,' and the 'Favorite Quickstep,' and Captain White's Dance."

"Not a bad list; but unluckily I fear they don't dance any of these now. But if you have the instinct, we may soon cure your ignorance. Let me see you dance a moment."

She glanced around, and saw nobody. "You will promise not to tell, sir?"

"Can you ask it? Have you not some secret of mine?"

She stood out into the garden path, the stile being still between them, and seizing a side of her skirt with each hand, performed the movements which are even yet far from uncommon in the dances of the villagers of merry England. But her motions, though graceful, were not precisely those which appear in the figures of a modern ball-room.

"Well, my good friend, it is a very pretty sight," he said, warming up to the proceedings. "But you dance too well—you dance all over your person—and that's too thorough a way for the present day. I should say it was exactly how they danced in the time of the poet Chaucer; but as people don't dance like it now, we must consider. First I must inquire more about this ball, and then I must see you again."

"If it is a great trouble to you, sir, in—"

"Oh, no, no. I will think it over. So far so good."

The Baron mentioned an evening and an hour when he would be passing that way again; then mounted his horse and rode away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

One drawing-room play, just like one drawing-room audience, is much like another, and on the present occasion there seemed nothing exceptional in Valerian's choice to the bulk of Miss Hermitage's guests. They were merely called upon to smile, shed tears, and applaud, which is within the limits of ordinary capacity. A prettier piece had never been written, said everybody, and of course scenery and accessories were beyond praise, and actors and actresses alike fascinating. Valerian's stage-management was a guarantee so far. What a pity that every Miss Hermitage had not a Valerian! Then opulence would no longer be allied to dullness and luxury—but another name for ennui.

Thus much for the popular estimation of Valerian's little play, that like an April day opened in clouds and rain, but toward sunset showed a smiling blue sky.

The early scenes were indeed moving in the extreme, but the most obtuse speculator could discern that all things were to turn out happily in the end.

There were four present, however, to whom the play seemed to mean more than graceful melodrama or vaudeville, and from the first a physiognomist might have found their faces an interesting study. It was evident that to Miss Hermitage, Stephana, Colette, and Valerian these pastoral and pathetic situations suggested something subtle and problematic, something as far removed from the distraction and ordinary comprehensions of those around them as the inmost thoughts of one human being from another. They gazed, listened, became absorbed, with the air of those who are helping to unriddle the mystery of their own lives, to unravel some intricately woven knot of destiny that has hitherto defied all efforts.

Whilst Miss Hermitage and Stephana were spell-bound by the play, Valerian's interest remained divided. From time to time he glanced at Christina, watching every change in expression and every movement, taking care all the while that his scrutiny was not observed. So intently did he peruse her countenance at intervals that it was plain he sought there a comment on the play with which those of the crowd had nothing to do. She was his audience. For her, if for no other, the piece should mean more than an hour's tears and laughter, a new distraction added to so many.

Simple enough was the little drama which Miss Hermitage watched with apparent composure, yet wholly unusual eagerness, and in which Stephana, quietly also, but painfully intent, seemed to read a sibylline leaf, Valerian looking on, cold, vigilant, perturbed, but master of himself.

The story opened after the fashion of an idyl. An old farm-house in Kent; apple orchards and flower gardens round about; two pretty maidens, in the guise of our grandmothers, making hay in a pightel, or inclosed meadow. These are Molly, the rich farmer's daughter, and her bosom-friend and constant companion, Letty, a poor orphan. Soon the prattlings of the girls are disturbed by a rustic swain, whose head appears above the garden wall; and whilst ostensibly making love to the portionless Letty, we soon discover that in reality he is the accepted lover of the rich man's heiress. For Farmer Maple is wealthy, and his only child is to marry a rich man of his own choosing—so he says—or none at all. The girl, however, has a will of her own, and, aided and abetted by her confidante Letty, contrives to carry on courtship with the lover she has chosen for herself. It is as Letty's suitor young Briarley, himself an orphan and undowered of fortune, comes to the house. So far all is bland, sunny, playful; but when the stern old Maple appears the situation becomes grim and tragic. 'Tis the old, old story over again—a rigid father resolved to bend a daughter's will to his own, the one determined to be obeyed, the other as equally determined on disobedience. Then come girlish confabulations, hurried schemes of deliverance, plan after plan, device after device, the friendless, motherless Molly turning to Letty only in her supreme dilemma. And soon a daring plot is laid and carried out. Letty informs her patron that her own marriage with young Briarley is decided upon, and begs as a special favor that Molly may accompany her home—that is to say, to the home of her nearest relation—in order to act as bridemaid. "You are going to marry Molly to Farmer Grouse," she said, passionately, "and Jem is going to take me to Australia. Who knows if Molly and I shall ever meet again?"

The old man consents, first because he is extremely glad to be rid of Letty, whose influence over his daughter he resents, and most of all because Molly promises that on her return she will do anything he pleases. "Only give me this one holiday, father, this one little spell of liberty and happiness with Letty, and as long as I live I will ask no more of you," she entreats, not in tears and on her knees—she knows her father too well for that—but with playful caresses and insinuations. So the trio set off, and of course we all know on what errand.

It is Molly, the rich man's daughter, who is married to young Briarley in Letty's place—Molly who is ready to accompany him to Australia, to give up fortune, native country, paternal favor, for love's sake. And most audacious of the audacious, bravest of the brave, Letty returns alone to break the news. "What harm can Farmer Maple do *me?*" she said, scoffingly; "or any woman who is not his wife or his daughter?"

Of course the tempest was awful, but it passed harmless over her head. The old man could only rave and storm, and little cared she, a high-spirited, reckless girl, for Farmer Maple's wrath. What really constituted Molly's sin in her father's eyes was not the fact of her marriage being clandestine, but low. There are aristocrats in every society, and Farmer Maple looked down with supreme contempt on the son of a village huckster, a ne'er-do-weel, moreover. Young Briarley, although pleasant and comely (good enough for a girl like Letty, who had also to shift for herself), was not sedate, and as yet had followed no calling. What so clear as a mercenary motive on his part? This runaway match was at least no love affair on one side; but Molly had married for love, and on love should she fare.

Letty, finding that the old man did not turn her out, quietly staid on; she saw no good reason for going, and could thus best serve her friend by-and-by. Meantime, Maple insists on secrecy concerning his daughter's marriage. She is away on visits. The neighbors are to know no more. Meantime, the young couple do not prosper. Briarley, whose chief fault is idleness, looking for a reconciliation with his wife's father, gives up the Australian project, gets employment as a clerk, and poor employment it is, sufficing to keep body and soul together, no more. Molly's nature is not one to soften and to beautify in adversity. We must all pay for the foibles of our progenitors, and the inflexible character of Maple the farmer now showed itself in the daughter.

Love disappointed her—what woman does it not disappoint?—and even the joys of maternity were imbittered. A boy was born to her, who should be heir to the rich man's wealth, and not heir only, but the pride of his old age, as the very apple of his eye. Again and again Letty has acted the part of intercessor in vain, and she determines on a final and desperate effort now.

Not a hint is given beforehand of the child's coming, or of what else had happened, but when he is a few weeks old, Letty, ever fond of plot and shift, lays her trap. Molly has hardened toward her father, and refuses to plead her boy's cause, so the little thing is brought surreptitiously into his grandfather's house, where he is found by him.

The climax is terrible.

The old man turns from the cradled infant as from a serpent. "They think me a child, do they," he cries, in a frenzy of vindictiveness and resentment, "to be befooled into harboring those who suck in disobedience with mother's milk? Not I. Away with it! Boy or girl, 'tis none of mine; 'tis naught to me. I have no children."

From the supplicating, insinuating Letty he turns away too. Vainly she holds up the child, tries to make him look at it, touch it. Then, as a last expedient, she breaks forth indignantly:

"Heaven has not doomed you to be childless. In calling yourself so you do but blaspheme," she cried. "Look at this boy, an exact copy of yourself; and his mother is living, God be praised! is close by; is here awaiting your embrace."

Molly enters, not the soft, coquettish maiden we first saw making hay in the pightel, but a pale, care-worn matron, all her father's hardness now written on her face. For the last few weeks have brought her complete disillusion. This marriage for which she had sacrificed so much has ended in an unlooked-for catastrophe. It was the fact of young Briarley's mean birth and ordinary character that more than anything else had set old Maple against him. "Base-born is base-born year out, year in," he would say. "You won't gather corn from charlock seed." The prognostications had come true. Molly is now an abandoned wife, with nothing but her child in the world.

"Father," she cried, sternly and wildly, "you can not, you dare not, disown me now. I am no longer any man's wife, but once more your daughter."

"If so," answered the old man, with a white face—"if, as you say, you are my own daughter, send away the child. Let none know that he is yours, that your name is his father's. Then you shall be my daughter indeed."

There is a pause of silent conflict. How will it end? Shall the fearful bond be entered into—a child so sacrificed to the world, a mother's duty and affection stifled and trampled underfoot? Will love triumph and holiest instinct, or self-indulgence and clinging to gross needs? No middle course is possible. No angel will interfere. The mother must either be disowned or disown!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The curtain fell amid tremendous applause, and a second and a third time the artists were obliged to show themselves to the delighted audience, whilst Valerian was surrounded by his friends. A thousand questions assailed him at once. Who had written the play? Who had acted Molly so charmingly? And the rustic dresses and scenery? And the music of the intermezzo? Nothing could be daintier, more appropriate? Valerian, hemmed in on all sides by these immoderate inquirers, struggled vainly to disentangle himself. He was compelled, whether he would or no, to smile thanks, make answer, explain, finally to indicate the direction in which supper was to be found. Stephana also, whose appearance had passed without notice in the early part of the evening, was now taken possession of by eager acquaintances. Like Valerian, she felt bewildered and unequal to the drawing-room etiquette just then; but there was no help for it. She must behave as if nothing unusual had happened. In an assemblage of a hundred and odd guests a host or hostess can not be visible to all at once, and what with the pleasurable sense of relief from undue mental strain and the lively gratification of a goodly regale, Miss Hermitage's visitors forgot to notice her absence. The banqueting chamber, indeed, was so royally adorned with flowers and tropic plants that it was impossible to see even your opposite neighbor. All the company, of course, took it for granted that Miss Hermitage was present, by which especial azalea concealed none cared to ascertain. The ripe, sunny wines, the delicate cates, put everything else out of people's minds.

Where all this time was the faithful Colette? She had listened to the play with vague uneasy gestures and fluttering movements, like a little frightened bird. Now she fanned herself, and now she plied her vinaigrette, not able for a moment to retain the same position or master her concern. No one noticed her. Miss Hermitage's guests were not in the habit of paying much attention to her quaint little musician in ordinary, and the play was found absorbing. When at last an unusually exciting moment came, and everybody's attention was riveted on the actors, Colette stole away and hastened to her room, there to throw herself on her bed in an agony of dismay.

Where was Miss Hermitage?

Stephana had come, disturbed in mind by vague foreshadowings of evil, but the revelation that the play was to her, and the painful, nay, agonized convictions it brought, for the moment put away other thoughts. She felt dazed and staggered, blinded by the light that had flashed on a dark place. On recovering herself in some degree, her first thought was of Christina. That look of hers she had last seen was fresh in her mind, and she could but connect it with some fearful passion. Love was it, or love like hate? Sorrow, anger, or the bitter vindictiveness engendered of both? Stephana now realized, as if by inspiration, what the inner warning of a few hours ago must mean. She had come to save Christina from danger, and now she realized its nature. A chasm yawned at Christina's feet, and it was of her own work, the evil following her as a shadow was a shadow indeed, a real though intangible part of herself. The enemy, the destroyer, was here.

Impelled by these thoughts, one succeeding the other rapidly, Stephana now contrived to steal unobserved from the crowded banqueting hall. Unobserved also she reached Miss Hermitage's bed-chamber, dressing-room, and boudoir, three rooms communicating by folding-doors with the first story. The outer door stood open, and fire was burning brightly on the hearth, but there was no other light.

"Christina—cousin—are you there?"

Stephana paused for a moment on the threshold; then getting no answer, she moved forward and glanced round. The doors opening from one room to the other stood wide, and all three were silent and deserted, but in the bright fire-light her eyes were immediately attracted to a conspicuous object in the dressing closet.

This was the gorgeous lemon-colored gown of richest brocade that Miss Hermitage had worn throughout the evening. It had been evidently discarded in haste, and scattered upon it, carelessly as if they were ordinary dressing pins, lay the rich woman's famous diamonds. On the cold sheen of the silk they glittered and sparkled dazzlingly, some adhering to it, others lying on the floor, the whole strangely contrasted with the dark purple shadows of the room; for Miss Hermitage loved warmth and sumptuousness, and this especial apartment was luxuriously curtained and carpeted by warm soft textures of crimson and violet. Only the fire glowed and the pale yellowish-green silk with its sprinkling of diamonds flashed through the prevailing gloom. "Christina," once more Stephana called, softly. Again all was silent, and Stephana now closed the door of the outer room and continued her search. But Miss Hermitage was not to be found.

Stephana very quietly continued her search, now going a story higher. As she climbed the second staircase the confusion of voices below, strains of music, and all the various noises that are inseparable from a festive gathering grew fainter and fainter, till by the time she reached the second landing she seemed to be in a quiet place. Here all was equally deserted. A jet of gas burned dimly at each end of the corridor, but no one was moving about, and from the obscurity and stillness one might have supposed Miss Hermitage's numerous household to be already fast asleep. The servants slept here on the upper story, and at that moment they were one and all regaling below. Not a sound, not a sign of life greeted Stephana as, gray and spirit-like, she moved noiselessly from one place to another. There was yet a third staircase, dark, steep, and narrow, that led to the loftiest part of the house, a small square tower, built by its original owner for astronomical purposes.

Stephana suddenly recollected the existence of this little winding stair as she was about to descend, and she now turned back in search of it. She knew that a door shut it off from the landing, but the exact position of the door she forgot. One after another she opened, now a housemaid's closet, now a linen cupboard, now a box-room; the right one, as usual, came last. When indeed she found the staircase, what was her horror and dismay to find herself forced back by a volume of smoke! The truth flashed upon her in a moment. The watch-tower had been fired. Stephana, to whose mind this dreadful conviction brought another more shocking still, now determined at any cost to reach the little chamber of the tower. How she contrived to effect her purpose she never knew, but will had its way. On the threshold she stood for a moment, blinded by the conflagration raging within. The pavilion was a light, airy construction, with windows looking to the four quarters of heaven, and was now fairly ablaze, whilst in the midst, wearing a loose white gown, her eyes wild and defiant, her lips moving incoherently, moved Christina. It was a Eumenid incarnate.

"Christina!" said Stephana—"Christina!"

The quiet mastery of Stephana's wonderful voice made itself felt, yet not all at once. Miss Hermitage, still holding a candle in her hand—the fatal torch that had worked such mischief—tried to resist the spell, to do her own evil will. Quick as a wild animal seeking escape from the trapper, she now sprang to the balcony, and had not Stephana divined her intention, would in another second have been past all help.

The observatory had never been used except by its original owner, and only an unsubstantial and tray-like parapet protected the outer space or balcony, removed sixty feet at least from the ground, with nothing in the shape of intervening buttress or roof to break the distance. On this terrible pinnacle, then, for a short but awful space hung Christina and Stephana, evil spirit wrestling with the good.

Fury and angel brought face to face in supreme encounter. Hate and love at odds. Had there been lookers-on, they must have discerned something symbolical in the very appearance of this suspended pair, for indeed they seemed to hang like a couple of birds in mid-air; above them the dark iron-black wintry heavens studded with bright gold stars; below, almost iron-black also, the quiet hills, the sleeping town and sea, all, like the skies, showing a thousand fiery cressets behind them, a fiery envelope, the steadily gaining flames of the pavilion.

Stephana had never looked more radiant and spirit-like than now. The silveriness of her dress, the beautiful paleness of her complexion, the dark lustre of her eyes and hair, so contrasted with the pearliness of the skin, the indescribable serenity and sweetness combined with something severe in every look and movement—all these made up an apparition at once startling and seraphic.

And what a contrast to the other! For if the superhuman magnanimity and inspired daring of Stephana had never shone forth more visibly than now, in a supreme moment of bodily danger, so Christina's real nature proclaimed itself in the strong light of desperation and cowardly fear. Her thoughts centred in herself only. Nothing mattered, nothing was present to her, but a danger from which death and death alone offered an escape. Whilst Stephana's mind was wholly bent on rescuing another from a self-immolation purely egotistical, Christina realized only the misery and humiliation in store for herself if she lived. There was but one to-morrow—her own; and provided that could be eluded, the rest was not worth a thought. Stephana was tall and slender, and her bodily strength perhaps hardly exceeded that of her adversary, Christina, in spite of her three-score-and-ten years, being wiry and agile in the extreme. But whilst the swiftness and elusive subtlety of the elder woman's movements were actuated by the frenzy of despair, Stephana was guided—nay, impelled—by a force stronger than any mad impulse. She felt, she knew, that she should conquer here, not by virtue of physical or even moral strength, but because she had come for nothing else. The day that presaged evil for Christina had brought also a mandate of deliverance to herself. Christina would be saved, and by Stephana only: how she could not tell.

"Loose your hold!" cried Miss Hermitage, wildly, bent on the only kind of deliverance that seemed possible to her—a plunge into darkness, oblivion, annihilation. The rest mattered little.

Stephana held her fast, though for a moment they swayed backward and forward in deadly peril, as if the next they must both vanish into the night below. No help was near. All on this side of the house was silent and deserted, and the flames within were gathering, yet Stephana's courage did not go.

"Loose your hold, I say!" reiterated Christina, "or I take you with me, and you are not ready! You are not ready!" she repeated, with a mocking laugh.

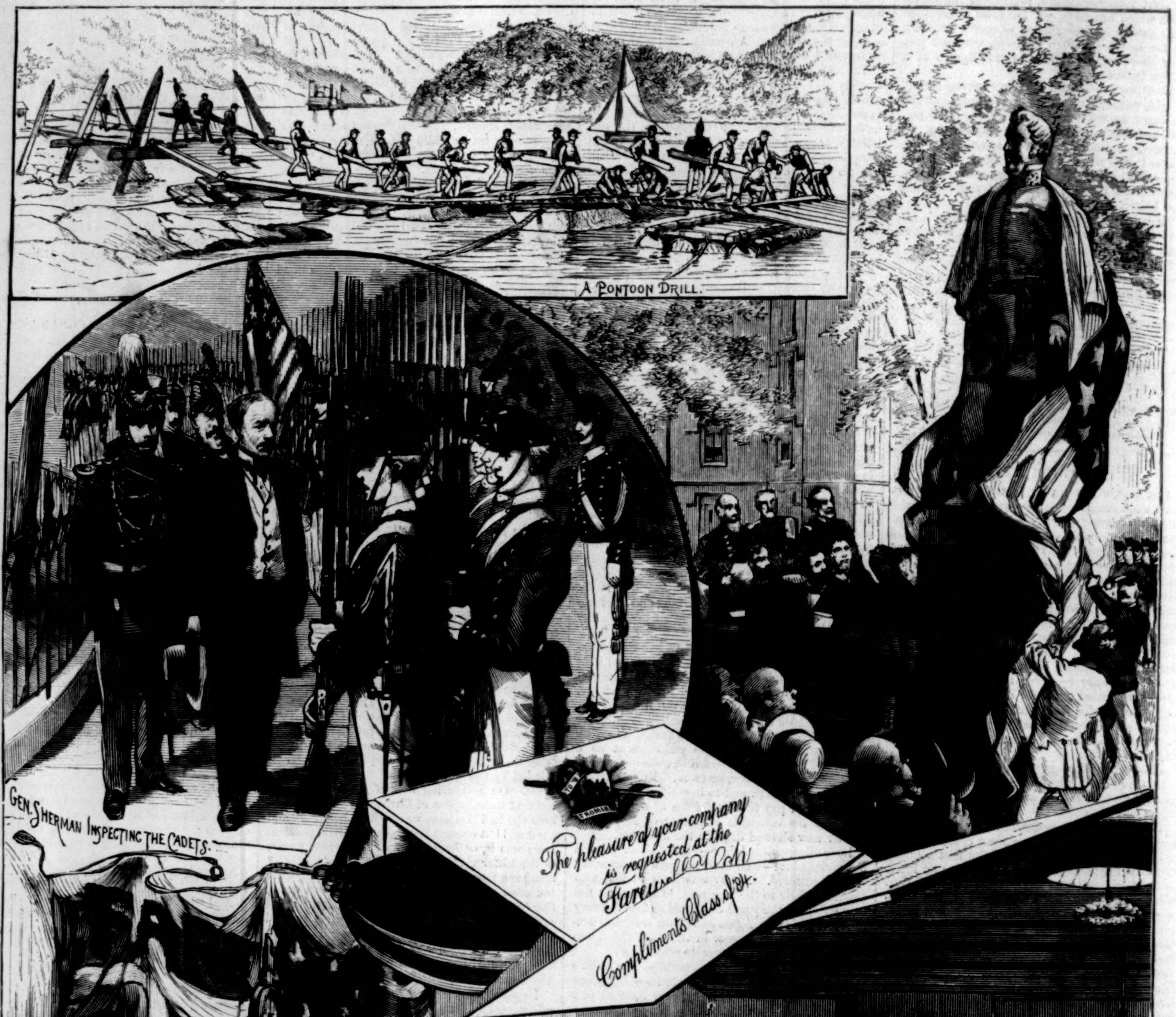
"Nor are you ready," said Stephana, with sad austereness. "You must live, whether you will or no. I have come to tell you so."

Christina's muscles relaxed. She gradually let herself sink into Stephana's arms, trembling and making low moans. Her fearful purpose frustrated, she seemed the prey of a dread and ghostly terror; but of what, of whom?

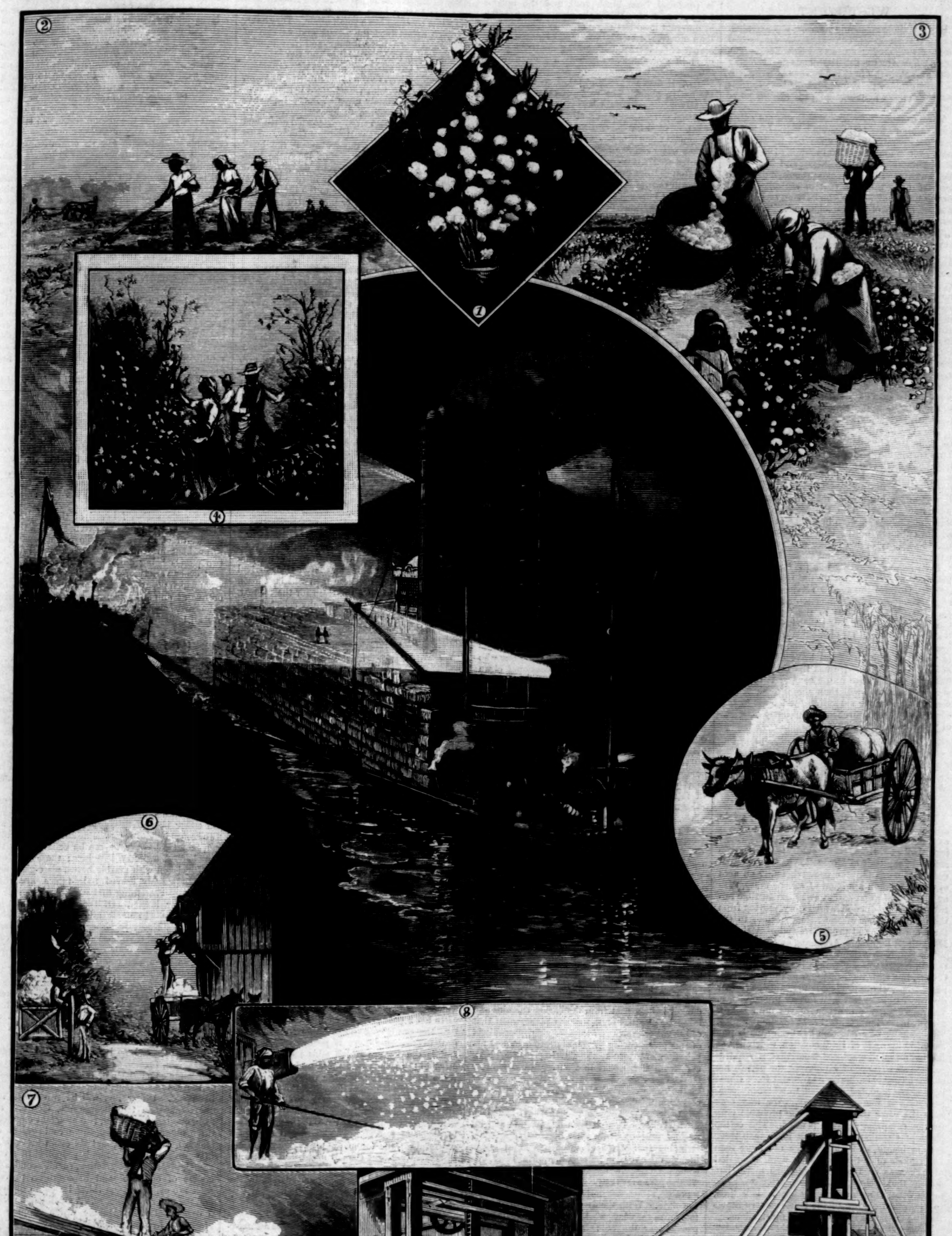
"Save me!" she cried, for a moment shaken with passion. "Save me, Stephana! you and none other can! Save me from—from"—then getting out the hateful words with all possible speed, she whispered in her ear—"from Valerian—my son!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.



THE FESTIVITIES AT WEST POINT.—Drawn by Harry Ogden.—[See Page 394.]



1. The Plant. 2. Hoeing young Cotton. 3 and 4. Picking. 5. Just one Bale. 6. Acadian Planters bringing Cotton to the Gin. 7. Ginning. 8. After Ginning. 9. Old-fashioned Press. 10. Baling. *Centre.* Loading Cotton Steamer.

COTTON CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 394.]

WEST POINT.

Besides their academic interest, the examinations at West Point constitute the first social event of the summer season for New York. The lovely nook among the Highlands is becoming more and more the final rendezvous of our painted birds of passage before they disperse to their various summer haunts among the mountains or along the coast.

The academic exercises proper are not calculated to allure the fashionable mind. In fact, it is a considerable strain upon the intellects of many even among the official visitors to "inspect" an examination in trigonometry, and look as if they understood it. The class-rooms, indeed, are deserted, after the first visit of curiosity, by all among the young women who have no very special interest in any of the catechumens. "By Heaven!" as Byron did not observe—

> "By Heaven! it is a stupid sight to see,
> For one who hath no friend, no brother, there."

And the young ladies, who form the chief attraction of the Point in mid-June, betake themselves while the examinations are in progress to the verandas and works of fiction. But there are exercises of more human interest than the examination. The daily dress parade, the cavalry drill, the light-battery drill, the mortar practice, have a picturesque attraction, and the young lady and the official visitor hail them as something that they can enjoy even if they only darkly understand. The young ladies have their revenge at the hop, which sad professors of mathematics stand in the doorways ignorantly to admire, and which is socially the culmination of the festivities at the Academy.

The exercises this year derived a special interest from the unveiling of the statue of General Thayer, the Superintendent to whom the cadets look back as the man to whom is due, more than to any other, the high rank which West Point holds among the military schools of the world. It was under his tuition that most of the men who won distinction in the Mexican war, and many of those who were in places of high rank at the outbreak of the civil war, were brought up. The story of his career was told in an interesting address by General Cullum.

Even more noteworthy was the last official appearance at West Point of the General of the Army. General Sherman's services have been so illustrious, and his connection with the Academy since he succeeded to the Generalship-in-Chief has been so intimate, that it is no wonder that he himself and all his audience should have been deeply affected at the few and simple words in which he took an official leave of the cadets and of West Point. He has the consolation of knowing that no man in the country is regarded with greater good-will than the illustrious soldier who has never submitted his laurels to the chance of being smirched in the dusty conflicts of "politics."

COTTON.

FROM THE PLOUGH TO THE LOOM.

By W. M. BURWELL.

I.

We must refer to other treatises for the origin and history of cotton as a textile, and describe it as it is found in the Southern States of the American Union. Here it is cultivated from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico to the thirty-second degree of north latitude, comprehending an area of little less than a million of square miles, with an alluvion of great extent and inexhaustible fertility. The production is migratory, moving from the worn-out lands of the Atlantic States to the far more fertile and productive soil of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas.

The Southern Atlantic States have endeavored to counteract this advantage by the use of fertilizers, but with the exception of the Sea Island plantations, whose product is too valuable to fear competition, have lost their former pre-eminence. The far greater proportion of the crop is now grown in and west of the Mississippi Valley. This transfer of production has been greatly promoted by the Act of Emancipation, which has so far mobilized the colored labor that it requires neither an advance of capital nor the permission of the owner to authorize its transfer from where it is worse paid, fed, and clad to where its compensation is more satisfactory. We may note here the error of computing the probable crop by the comparative area planted. The cotton plant of Carolina is often not more than three feet in height, and will average not more than 150 pounds of lint cotton to the acre, while that of Arkansas or Texas will produce more than double that weight, and grows, often with too much weed, as high as a man's head. It is, then, to the cotton culture of the Southwestern States that we confine our remarks and illustrations.

Cotton Seed.—The seed of Southern cotton has been derived from all countries. The soil and climate here have generalized and modified all these varieties so as to have produced a peculiar staple, better adapted to produce the stronger and heavier yarns and cloths than any other. The comparative qualities of cotton are shown thus: Indian and Egyptian cotton have an average length of fibre of one and a quarter inches, with a diameter of $\frac{1}{1500}$ to $\frac{1}{2000}$ part of an inch. The Sea Island staple is in length one and a half inches, with a diameter of $\frac{1}{2000}$ part of an inch. The upland American cotton is one and a quarter inches in length of fibre, and $\frac{1}{1400}$ of an inch in diameter. The superior strength of the American upland is shown by its price in the Liverpool market, being worth fully fifteen per cent. more than East India cotton, and by its preference for the body of long cotton goods and its capacity to bear a mixture of short and shoddy stock and heavy sizing has preserved its ascendency. The Sea Island cotton is produced from black seed, and the upland from green seed. While the planters may prefer in different localities some seeds as more prolific than others, the steady standard of uplands will sooner or later establish itself by a uniform grade of stalk and staple. Precisely a similar result attends the introduction of American seed in India. It degenerates, and takes on the type of the native plant. The value of cotton seed has greatly increased within late years, and from being used to feed cows, at a risk of choking them, it is now used for oil, cattle feed, and fertilizing. Its annual value may be estimated at $15,000,000. It has not been long since the remark was attributed to Mr. Atkinson, of Massachusetts, that if cotton did not produce any lint at all, it would be worth raising for the oil contained in the seed.

Cotton Culture.—Land intended for cotton is broken up any time during the winter, according to the season and nature of the soil. It is thrown up into beds of from three to four feet apart. The seed is dropped by drill or hand, from the latter days of March to the 16th of April, according to the judgment of the planter. Within two weeks it may be "seen along the row," and in three weeks puts forth its third leaf. It is thinned out to "a stand" at ten, fifteen, or twenty inches "in the step," or from plant to plant.

In the earlier stages of the crop it is subject, like other plants, to injury by insects. The cut-worm attacks the germ. In soil which, as in South Alabama and elsewhere, rests upon the rotten limestone or marl, the cray-fish occasion an odd annoyance, cutting off the first plants which appear above-ground to carry them down the "chimneys" or holes which lead down to the moist of the marl stratum. Once out of these dangers, the cotton grows with great rapidity. The hoes keep the plant free from grass, while the plough lets in the sun and air. Improved and labor-saving implements have greatly facilitated and cheapened the culture of the Southern staple, supplying the place of the manual and animal labor formerly deemed indispensable.

We may say at this point that one hand will cultivate from six to eight acres, that the proportion of manual and animal labor is two men to one mule, and the product from half a bale per acre on poor land to a bale and a half on very fertile land.

It is, however, only when the cotton is in its full growth that the true value of the American citizen of African descent and his industrial affinity, the mule, becomes conspicuously apparent. No degree of heat or humidity affects either. To see from thirty to fifty men and mules defending the hopes of the harvest from the invasion of grass and noxious weeds is a sight which appeals to the sympathies and interests of every one who appreciates the comfort of an occasional clean shirt. While the ploughs glide with the certainty of a centre-board sail-boat to the end of the furrow, some irrepressible mule, headstrong, perhaps, with a few rainy days' abstinence from labor, will rush along at a speed that drags the indignant freedman into perilous proximity to the cotton row, and exposes him to the contumelious abuse of the boss or overseer. Then occurs a conflict in which the congenital obstinacy of the Senegambian and the offspring of the "wild ass of the desert" resounds throughout the field in cries and objurgations of the most profane character. The right to swear aloud is a privilege that many freedmen value next perhaps to their freedom. The moralist who anticipated that emancipation would bring in its train all the courtesies with all the virtues will be shocked, while the philanthropist who deprecates any violence to the feelings of the domestic animals will take the part of the outraged and obstinate hybrid.

About the 1st of June the first flowers of the cotton appear. They are at first a pale straw-color, changing during the day and night to a white, a faint pink, and a pink color. As the flower falls, the boll succeeds. It is soon in the angular shape—in "the square." It has leaflets at the base, like a hazel-nut, but in a short time assumes a spherical form. About the 1st of July the cotton crop is "laid by" from the hoe and plough. The danger is long past from the earlier enemies and infantile diseases of the cotton plant, when that of the cotton-worm commences. The progenitrix of this pest, bearing the highly entomological appellation of *Noctuæ zylina*, arrives in the night, and deposits her eggs in a surreptitious manner on the under side of the leaves. Being somewhat of the same color with the leaf, they escape observation until, warmed into life, the worms begin their ravages upon the leaf which has given them shelter. Having seen her terrible and rapacious progeny begin their destructive mission, stripping themselves of successive skins which impede their voracity, the mother of mischief, like some petroleuse or dynamitess, disappears. The worms pass over the fields as a conflagration over a prairie, sometimes destroying an entire crop in a few days. With the first appearance of the cotton-worm the whole world is excited. Telegrams pass under the sea; bulletins and dispatches advise the dealers, manufacturers, and ship-owners. All these interests are called into council. The amount of mechanical and chemical science displayed, with the number of sovereign remedies for the scourge, can not be computed. The newspapers break out with eruptive communications; the diviners and soothsayers who have charge of the future state of the cotton plant talk nothing but cotton, exhibit cotton-worms in glass bottles, suspend votive branches denuded of their foliage in the cotton halls, and for a brief time the cotton-worm is honored with an amount of fearful veneration corresponding somewhat with the serpent and scarabeus worship of old Egypt. In the mean time the worm, having satisfied his voracious appetite, quietly spins himself into a cocoon, in which he awaits the transition essential to an immortality of mischief. The national entomologists have not suggested any remedy for this damage, except to enjoin upon the planter a close study of the domestic habits of the *Noctuæ zylina*; this having been done, the destruction of the larvæ becomes but a small affair. They have, however, ascertained the genus and species of the vermin, which is something, and have besides photographed both the mother and the progeny, so that, like any other malefactors who ornament the felons' gallery, they may be arrested at sight.

The boll-worm, which is arranged to play an engagement immediately after his more rapacious predecessor has retired to his virtuous cocoon, derives his origin also from a nocturnal moth, and belongs probably to the Heliothes family. This insidious wretch, like the "worm i' the bud" immortalized by Shakspeare, feeds on the interior of the cotton boll, thereby destroying the staple formation entirely. For further information we must refer the reader to the literature of the Patent-office, and other instructive treatises. We can, however, advise the amateur planter that Paris green, molasses, vinegar, white flags, young turkeys, with the incidental aid of birds, spiders, ichneumon flies, and beetles, have their several advocates.

The picking season commences with the first opening of the bolls, about the 1st of August. At this stage the spherical case which contains the staple done up in three separate parcels, each containing seed with a compact skein of the fibre, bursts open, and each fibre expands, and depends some four or five inches around and below the pod within which it had matured. These scattering "locks," as they are called provincially, are watched with the more solicitude because the glory of sending to market the "first bale" is sought by every large planter, as it is rewarded with a first-rate notice for the buyer or the factor to whom it has been confided. While, then, the speculators and dealers are occupying the press, the telegraph, and the telephone with a contradictory clamor which reverberates in the alcoves of the exchange, the toilers, who have followed the fortunes of the crop with no less assiduity, appear in the fields to secure the consummation of their labors.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM.

On page 397 we give the portraits of the riflemen who are to shoot in the forth-coming international match at Wimbledon. After their arrival in England twelve of these men will be chosen by the captain to form the team for the contest. The men have been very carefully selected, and it is hoped that they will give a good account of themselves on the other side.

THE MODERN "ATALANTA."

Although ever since the first Atalanta, so fleet-footed that she outstripped the swiftest runners of Bœotia, was transformed into a lion by jealous Aphrodite, the name has been given to many models of speed and beauty, it has never been more aptly applied than to the new steam-yacht that the Messrs. Cramp, of Philadelphia, have just built for Mr. Jay Gould. The keel of this yacht was laid on the 10th of last December, and her builders have promised to deliver her in New York on Saturday of this week, finished, complete in every detail, and ready for a cruise. Not only is the *Atalanta* the most gracefully modelled craft now floating in American waters, where beauty of model has more nearly attained perfection than anywhere in the world, but she is probably the strongest vessel of her size afloat in any waters, strength of construction having been demanded above everything else from her builders. Being one foot longer over all than Mr. Bennett's *Namouna*, and having the same beam, this new yacht is the largest in the American fleet, and is well fitted to undertake the voyage around the world for which she is intended.

She is an iron vessel, 230 feet 3 inches long over all, 225 feet long on deck, and 213 feet 3 inches on the water-line. Her extreme beam is 26 feet 4 inches, and her draught is 13 feet. Her bow, sharp and high, has a very decided forward rake, which adds materially to her length over all, and gives her a peculiarly easy entrance into the water. Her run is long and handsome, and her elliptical overhanging stern is peculiarly American, and is the feature which adds more than any other to the beauty of a yacht in American eyes. From keel to water-line the iron plates of the outer skin are lapped at the edges, the rivet heads being countersunk. Above the water-line they are laid flush, banded inside, and the rivet heads being also countersunk here, the outer surface is perfectly smooth. The plating is continued uniformly to the top of the bulwarks, which are of a greater height than is usual, and which are surmounted by a heavy rail of solid mahogany. The hull is painted black, unrelieved save by the gilded eagle which forms her figure-head, and by the name in gilt letters on her stern.

The yacht is rigged as a three-masted schooner, with standing gaffs and lug-sails, and a square-sail yard on the foremast. Her canvas has been made expressly for her, and all her standing rigging is of the best charcoal wire. Her upper-deck is of iron, flush fore and aft, and overlaid with a flooring of clear white pine three and a half inches by three and a half inches. The waterways and plank-sheer are of solid mahogany, and the iron bulwarks are hidden by a light sheeting of the same rich wood laid in panels and highly polished. The deck is broken by a steam capstan windlass forward, the skylights and companionways necessary to give light and access to the quarters below, by a narrow house 80 feet long, and by more skylights and companionways aft. On each side are two sets of boat davits, from which hang a steam-launch 32 feet long, a dingy 18 feet long, a six-oared cutter 32 feet long, and a whale-boat, to be used as the gig, 38 feet long.

The deck-house is of iron, and built so solidly into the iron deck that it can by no possibility be carried away. The forward part of this house is a large many-windowed room known as the Social Hall or smoking-room, and above it are the bridge and pilot-house. Abaft this is the steam-drum, and then comes the galley, large and airy, as becomes its importance, tile-floored, and provided with every convenience known to modern cookery. The pipe from the galley range discharges into the smoke-stack, thereby securing to passengers a freedom from all culinary odors. Abaft the galley is the engine space, and still beyond this, at the extreme end of the house, is the captain's state-room. For its entire length the house is sheathed with mahogany in panels highly polished. The smoking-room at its forward end is ceiled in oak carved in the most elaborate patterns, and is luxuriously finished with the richest of tapestry hangings, the softest of divans and lounges, and heavy Persian rugs. In the captain's room, at the other end of the house, the bed, when not in use, sinks out of sight, and is replaced by a velvet lounge. On the opposite side of the room the bath-tub is hidden from view by a similar device. This room is provided with a handsomely carved writing-desk and dressing-case, and about it hang all manner of the most improved nautical instruments. From the roof of the house projects the smoke-stack, which is double, there being a space of two inches between the inner and outer shells, which will preserve the paint from being burned off, and four ventilators leading down into the engine and fire rooms.

From the smoking-room a broad stairway, with rails, balusters, and newel posts of carved mahogany, leads down into a large vestibule, in which stands a cabinet armory of carved oak filled with a glittering array of small-arms, rifles, shot-guns, pistols, etc., of the most improved patterns. These show to advantage behind doors of heavy beveledged plate-glass. From the front of the vestibule two doors open into the main saloon, a door opens on the starboard side into Mr. Gould's private room, and another, on the port side, into the steward's pantry.

The main saloon forward of the vestibule is 21 feet 3 inches long, and extends across the entire width of the yacht. The room is panelled throughout in oak, most elaborately carved, no two panels being alike. These carvings represent every variety of tropical flower and foliage, from which peer out, half concealed, curious birds or quaint animal heads. A piano, two massive sideboards, and several plate closets and buffets are all built into the sides of the room, and are all masses of carving. Over the front of the piano is carved Mr. Gould's well-known monogram—a jay bird perched in a rustic G.

The gem of the ship is the owner's room, which opens from the after end of the saloon on the starboard side. It is 13½ feet long by 9½ feet wide, and opening from one side of it is an alcove 7 feet long by 4½ feet wide, in which is the bed. The sides of this alcove are lined with quilted silk, and a silken canopy and hangings conceal the bed from casual observation. At the after end of this room is a beautifully carved mahogany wardrobe, half of which, upon the touching of a spring, swings aside and discloses a luxurious bath-room.

From the forward end of the saloon a broad passage leads toward the bows of the vessel. On either side of this, adjoining the saloon, are two ladies' boudoirs, or double state-rooms, which can be used *en suite*, or can be separated by the drawing of tapestry hangings; these boudoirs are furnished with marble baths, plate-glass mirrors, exquisitely carved toilet-tables, low easy-chairs, and everything that wealth can provide of comfort or luxury. Of these suites one is upholstered in white silk and the other in blue. Forward of these, on either side of the passage-way, are two more state-rooms, or four in all, each of which could, in an emergency, accommodate two gentlemen with comfortable quarters.

Beyond the state-rooms, on each side of the passageway, is a large bath-room for the use of guests, and beyond it is the collision bulkhead. Forward of this are the quarters of the head steward and the six cabin servants, which are reached by a separate companionway from the upper deck.

The *Atalanta* is to be commanded by Captain Shackford, formerly of the White Star service, and lately commander of the steam-ship *Illinois*, of the American Line, between Philadelphia and Liverpool. Under him will be two mates, four quartermasters, two boatswains, eighteen seamen, one chief engineer, two assistant engineers, three oilers, six firemen, three coal-passers, one steward, three cooks, and six cabin servants, or fifty-two men in all. She is propelled by a compound, inverted, direct-acting, surface-condensing engine of one thousand horse-power, provided with two cylinders, one thirty inches in diameter and the other sixty inches. A small engine drives a dynamo-electric machine which supplies the electricity by means of which any passenger may reach from his silken couch, touch a silver spring, and flood his room with light, or press a button and summon a servant. Every portion of the yacht is lighted with the Edison incandescent lights, and every portion is in direct communication with the owner or captain by means of electricity. By means of a steam ventilating fan connected by pipes with every room and compartment in the vessel the air in them is kept constantly fresh. In event of cold weather, each room is also furnished with its coil of steam-pipe.

As Mr. Gould does not contemplate starting on his cruise around the world until autumn, his yacht will probably become well known in New York and Eastern waters during the summer. She flies the ensign of the American Steam-yacht Club, which is a white Maltese cross on a blue field bordered with red. The cost of the *Atalanta* has been more than a quarter of a million of dollars.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHINAMEN ON A PICNIC.

John Chinaman is the object of so much derision, both innocent and nocent, that we take pleasure in expressing our conviction that his picnic at Iona Island, North River, on the 11th of June, was a complete success. He organized it himself, and it was all his own, although he invited more than three hundred white Americans to accompany him; he saw to it that there was plenty of food, music, and fire-works; he footed all the bills; he indulged in no rowdyism; and he brought back his whole party sound and happy. How many white Americans could have done better?

That this was the most notable Sunday-school picnic ever held in the United States of America is, however, its chief claim to distinction. The hundred and fifty Chinese adults and children were exclusively Sunday-school scholars of several Baptist and Presbyterian churches in New York city, and the three hundred white Americans who went as invited guests were their Sunday-school teachers, or their Sunday-school teachers' friends. It must be confessed that some of the instructors who had been honored with invitations refused to go. They did not relish the idea of entering into social relations with the Chinese, much though they desired to save their souls. They feared the attacks of "hoodlums," which almost any gathering of Chinamen is apt to tempt. They distrusted John's capacity for organizing a picnic, especially a Sunday-school picnic. Many of them accordingly staid at home, but gave their tickets to acquaintances, who were only too eager to accept them. It may be said that John's secretiveness in getting up the affair was very great; nobody seemed to know anything positive about the scheme until it was actually hatched; and had John been less sagacious in this respect, the steamboat *Long Branch*, which took the party up the river, might have been an undesirable place of resort.

A similar secretiveness exists with respect to John's motive for going to Sunday-school. His best friends do not suppose that in pursuing so excellent a course he is governed by the considerations which white Americans usually present to the attention of their youthful offspring. They freely express the conviction that, with rare exceptions, John attends Sunday-school because he desires to learn the English language.

"A few weeks ago," says the Rev. David Gregg, pastor of the Reformed (Covenanters') Presbyterian church in Twenty-third Street, near Eighth Avenue, "while reading to the Chinamen in our Sunday-school the parable of the loaves and fishes, I noticed on some of their faces a smile of incredulity. When I had finished the passage, I turned to them and said, 'You do not believe what I have read?'

"'No,' replied one of them, frankly, while the rest shook their heads.

"'But if Jesus was God, He could have done all that,' I continued.

"The incredulous smile again appeared. 'When we want bread to eat, we have to earn it,' was the answer.

"'But look here,' I persisted, 'when you plant a grain of wheat in the ground, and it has sprung up and ripened, you can crumple the end of the stalk in your hand, blow away the chaff, and count sixty grains that have come from that single grain. Now, if God does that, He can do what is said to have been done in the parable of the loaves and fishes, can't He?'"

The almond-eyed listeners, says Mr. Gregg, made no reply. "But it was easy to see that they had not become convinced."

Nevertheless, and for very simple reasons, the Chinese pupils in our city Sunday-schools have succeeded in gaining the respect of their teachers. Ever since the time when Miss Goodrich started a class for them in the Presbyterian church, then in White Street, her luminous example being followed successively in the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, the Twenty-third Street Reformed Presbyterian Church, the Baptist churches in Fifty-fifth and Fifty-third streets, the Reformed Presbyterian church in Thirty-ninth Street, and several other churches, John has been to the Sunday-school teacher an object of esteem and often of affection. He is docile, attentive, grateful, appreciative; and he is generous. Several times has he invited his preceptors and their friends to entertainments furnished by himself in the Sunday-school rooms on a week-day evening, and consisting of ice-cream, lemonade, cake, and occasionally of dishes specifically Chinese. He is fond of testifying his sense of obligation by making presents to his teachers, and when the mood seizes him, acts as recklessly with his money as a boy. For his mother in China he entertains an affection that shows itself in obedience, even when he is of adult age, and it is no uncommon thing for him, at her call, to return home, marry the girl she has chosen for him, leave the new wife to be a servant to his mother, and come back to New York to earn money for him. A well-known business man in this city, who is also a Sunday-school superintendent, has four times signified his appreciation of John's loyalty and gratitude by lending him, without security, from fifty to one hundred dollars to start laundries with. In no instance has the money failed to be returned with interest as soon as it was earned. "Why did you lend it?" he was recently asked. "Because," he replied, "it seemed to me to be a square thing for a man who professes Christian principles to show some Christian kindness. This is a test of our golden rule, I thought, and I will try it."

John learns very readily. Sometimes in a single evening he will master the English alphabet. The principal of the Twenty-eighth Street public school is said to declare that a Chinese pupil of hers is the most brilliant lad she has taught. Two Chinamen at the Beaver Falls College, near Pittsburgh, are studying to be preachers, but the Presbyterian mission authorities do not encourage the project of converting China by sending thence Chinese missionaries who have been educated in America. These missionaries would be more influential, it is believed, had they been trained at home in ignorance of American ways that are dark.

It was in his position as a pupil in a Protestant Sunday-school that the true significance of John's recent picnic lay. The externals of that festive affair much resembled those of any other Sunday-school picnic. Of course the music, being provided by a band with cymbals, "thunder-drums," copper gongs, and "yee-sing" fiddles, possessed an element of discordant specialty, but the fire-works, the swimming, the kite-flying, the boating, the foot-ball-playing, the flower-gathering, and the "refreshments" in general, sounded no note of heathendom. It seems to us that our esteemed contemporaries of the daily press missed the meaning of this picnic.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. Norris,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE GENERAL COUNSELS FIRMNESS.

Perhaps Maud had not been far wrong when she accused me of expecting everybody and everything to give way to my personal convenience. Some justification for this curiously sanguine mental attitude might have been found in the fact that circumstances always had hitherto arranged themselves very nearly in accordance with my wishes; and I must confess that, from the moment that I realized its desirability, I began to believe in the recovery of Mr. Farquhar, who nevertheless died that same night. When the news of this melancholy event reached Thirlby I therefore felt myself slightly aggrieved. The deceased gentleman, having been upward of eighty years of age, could not justly be accused of having quitted the world with indecent precipitation, and I exonerated him from all blame in the matter; but I certainly did feel that Fortune had treated me rather ill. The more I thought about it the more the conviction forced itself upon me that we were destined to receive Mrs. Farquhar as a permanent inmate, and such a prospect did not require Jim Bunce's wrathful denunciation to fill me with dismay.

"The unfortunate part of it," I remarked to Miss Dennison, to whom I carried my anxieties and misgivings with some faint hope of consolation—"the unfortunate part of it is that the old lady will undoubtedly be left without a home. There is a step-son, who comes into the place, and I am very much afraid my uncle will think he ought at all events to ask her here."

"I should think that was the very least he could do," she agreed; "but I understood you to say that you were sure he would do nothing of the kind."

"He will, if he thinks it his duty," I answered, gloomily. "My only hope is that she may decline. She would be sure to find it uncommonly dull down here; I build a little upon that."

"Perhaps she will think it her duty to come. I should, in her place."

"Ah, if it were only you, instead of that old frump!" I sighed, wistfully.

"It is very foolish of you to make up your mind that she is an old frump. Probably, if she does come, you will be devoted to her in a few weeks. I haven't a doubt that, a year ago, you would have thought it the greatest nuisance in the world to have a girl continually riding and sailing with you; yet you manage to put up with me. You are just the sort of person who hates all strangers at first, and then worships them, and then gets tired of them and hates them again."

I assured Maud solemnly that she little knew how cruelly she was maligning me. That I was disposed to be prejudiced against strangers might be true, though such a thing had never been said of me before; but that I was fickle toward those whom I—toward my friends, in short, was as unfounded a charge as could possibly have been brought. If I possessed any virtue at all, it was that of fidelity to my friends.

"So long as they don't rub you the wrong way or bore you," she said, laughing. Whereupon I became angry, and we had one of those quarrels which were made up as soon as ever she chose that they should be, and which I fear that she sometimes provoked out of nothing but that wanton love of exercising power from which not even the best of women are wholly exempt. Upon that occasion our quarrel did not last long, nor did the state of depression into which I had been thrown by the thought of Mrs. Farquhar's possible descent upon us. After all, I reflected, there was a very good chance of her having other plans; and whatever was to happen, there was no use in making one's self miserable about it before the event. So I soon recovered my natural good spirits, and we had a very delightful week of fine weather and rural pursuits before my uncle, who had remained in Scotland to attend the funeral, came back.

My first glance at his face, when he did come back, showed me that it had that worried look which it always wore on his return from Scotland; but I hesitated to come out point-blank with the question which was trembling on my lips, and as soon as dinner was over he saved me the trouble of asking it by remarking, "We must get Mrs. Peters to put things in order a little; I expect my mother to come to us soon."

"Not for good and all?" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Why not?" asked my uncle, smiling.

I was not exactly prepared, upon the spur of the moment, to say why not. I could only shake my head despairingly, and declare that I was sure it would never do.

"She is only coming on a visit at present," my uncle went on; "but I can't undertake to say that she may not finally decide upon making Thirlby her home. It would be a natural arrangement, Charley."

"It might be natural," I said, dolefully; "but it don't follow that it would be pleasant."

My uncle made no rejoinder for some time, but sat sipping his claret meditatively, and drumming upon the table with his fingers. At last he resumed:

"So you think it wouldn't be a wise plan, Charley?"

"I don't think about it; I *know* it wouldn't," I answered, emphatically.

My uncle raised his eyebrows. "May I ask whether you have any particular reason for saying that?" he inquired.

I had, as the reader is aware, a particular reason, but I could not very well state it. My uncle and I were upon terms of such intimacy and mutual confidence that I seldom hesitated to express my inmost thoughts to him; but the line must be drawn somewhere, and it is hardly possible to tell any man that you have reason to believe his mother to be a canting old busybody. So I abstained from any allusion to Bunce and his revelations, and only urged the obvious objections that there must be to the introduction of a third person into the household. Was it not proverbial that two were company and three none? And when two out of the three had lived in the closest companionship for so many years, while the third was to all intents and purposes a stranger, and at the same time a very near relation, what hope was there of their being able to get on together? We should be obliged to explain all our stupid little jokes, and of course we should be made to feel how stupid they were by the process of explanation. We should have to think before we spoke—a thing we had never accustomed ourselves to do. Conversation, in short, would be simply impossible.

My uncle listened to me patiently, with that faint smile of his which so many people disliked, thinking that he was laughing at them. I, who was better acquainted with him, knew that he was not laughing at me, or that, if he was, it was in no unkindly spirit. So I proceeded, warming with my subject:

"There will be an end to all comfort; we may as well make up our minds to that at once. We shall not be allowed to dine in the library any more, and of course we shall not be allowed to smoke directly after dinner. All your books and papers will be carefully dusted every morning, and put away into places from which it will take weeks of patient research to disinter them. And then think of the people who will come and stay with us! Because naturally Mrs. Farquhar won't care about living in a howling wilderness. All the poke bonnets will come over the Border; and Deacon M'Tavish will ask a blessing before meat, and read us a long sermon on Sunday evening, preparatory to getting tipsy on whiskey toddy, and—"

My uncle apologized for interrupting me, but observed that I seemed to have formed a slightly mistaken notion of his mother. Her friends did not, as a rule, wear poke bonnets, she was not exclusively Scotch in her sympathies, nor was she a Presbyterian, although— Here he paused, and apparently decided not to finish his sentence. "In fact," he concluded, briskly, "she is a very good, kind-hearted, and agreeable person."

It was not for me to contradict him, little as I was disposed to accept this definition of the unknown lady. "That may be," I answered, doggedly, "but she is a *third* person all the same."

"Which nobody can deny," remarked my uncle. And then there was a tolerably long period of silence.

"If my mother and I should agree that it would be best for her to remain on here," resumed Uncle Bernard, at last—"we have agreed upon nothing yet, but if we should do so—I think perhaps you would not find her presence quite as great a nuisance as you expect."

"Oh, I am not the one to be considered," I answered, hastily, feeling a little ashamed of myself. "I should not be the principal sufferer. It was of you that I was thinking." This, I am afraid, was not strictly true; but I dare say I believed it to be so at the time.

"Well," said my uncle, "you were thinking of us both, probably. I was going to say that your objections don't apply with the same force that they would have done a few years ago. We have been very good friends, Charley; we have had many a happy day together, and we shall have many more, I hope, only they won't be consecutive. The pleasant old humdrum life which you regret, and which I most likely regret a great deal more than you do, couldn't have gone on much longer in any case. I shall stick to it, but you will go away from it, and therefore it won't be so much matter to you whether things progress in the old way at Thirlby or not. Have you been thinking at all lately of what career in life you mean to choose for yourself?"

I couldn't say that I had.

"I don't want to hurry you," my uncle continued; "but the time, you know, is getting short, and it would be as well to have a definite plan—particularly as your field of choice seems to me to be rather narrow. The army, which I always fancied would be the profession that would suit you best, you declined."

"Yes," I answered, with a sigh, "I declined that." The truth was that I was quite of my uncle's mind as to the army; but at the time when it had been suggested to me I had declared against it simply because it would have entailed my leaving Eton and giving up Oxford—neither of which things was I disposed to do, seeing how promising an oar I was.

"So that the remaining professions will not require all the fingers of one hand to count. There is the bar."

"I don't think I should do over and above well at that."

"The Church?"

"Good gracious!"

"Exactly so. Well, then, there is commerce."

"My dear Uncle Bernard!"

"Exactly so again. Do you know of any other way of occupying yourself and making a little money?"

I scratched my head and sighed, and finally observed that I thought farming would be rather jolly.

"But I'm afraid they haven't got a Professor of Agriculture at Oxford yet; and besides, without flattering you, I think you have talents enough to fit you for something a little more ambitious than that. I am told that young fellows in government offices lead a pleasant enough sort of life, and it is one which might easily be made to serve as a stepping-stone to better things. What do you think? I have been such a recluse for the best part of my life that I have lost what little interest I had at one time; but Tom knows a great many big-wigs, and of course he would put in a word for you."

Tom was the General, my uncle's brother, of whom I have spoken. I said I thought I should rather like a government clerkship, provided, of course, that it was in an office of the right sort, where one would have a chance of meeting other fellows whom one knew. What was the precise nature of the better things to which my uncle alluded I did not quite know, but I imagined vaguely that they might include a seat in Parliament, and it flashed across me that a member of Parliament would be a personage likely to stand high in Maud's estimation. I repeated that I thought that would do very well, and then we settled down to a discussion of the possible future, which lasted us for the remainder of the evening. Thus, whether designedly or not, my uncle led my thoughts entirely away from Mrs. Farquhar, whose name was not mentioned between us for several days afterward.

But when General Le Marchant (who, like my uncle, had been in Scotland visiting the widow in her affliction) came to stay with us, my prejudices received a somewhat unexpected re-enforcement. The General, it seemed, held very decided convictions upon the question which was causing me so much uneasiness, and he took the earliest opportunity of expressing them to me.

"Charley, my boy," he said, "you mustn't allow this—you really must *not* allow it. I'm an older man than you, and I suppose I may say that I know a little more of the world and the nature of mankind than you do, and, believe me, there couldn't be a greater mistake than for Bernard and my mother to try and live under the same roof. It's just one of those notions that ought to be nipped in the bud. If it isn't put a stop to now, there'll be no end of bother about it afterward, and you're the one that can stop it."

"I quite agree with you, General," I said. "I told my uncle the other day that I was sure it wouldn't do."

"Ah, well, you can't know much about it; you never saw my mother in your life, did you? Mind you, I'm not saying one word against her. The dearest old lady that ever lived, and the best of mothers to us in days gone by—and all that. But—well, I can't go into details, and if I could you wouldn't understand. You must take my word for it that she is a precious difficult person to live with. There are people who are as good as gold, and who yet would make a thin-skinned fellow like Bernard wish he was dead a dozen times a day. Don't you understand what I mean?"

I did not quite follow the General's drift, but it was entirely superfluous for him to give me reasons for keeping Mrs. Farquhar out of Thirlby, and so I told him. I added, however, that remonstrances would probably come with greater weight from him than from me.

"Not a bit of it!" the General returned. "Certainly I can show Bernard plainly enough that he is contemplating a piece of folly which he'll regret to the end of his life, and so forth; but, bless your soul! he knows all that as well as I do. Bernard is such a confoundedly unselfish old beggar that it wouldn't be of the slightest use to bring forward arguments of that kind. He would simply tell me in polite language that it made no odds to me, and that if he chose to be uncomfortable that was his lookout. But if you were to oppose him on personal grounds—making it appear, don't you know, as if it would be a horrid bore to you to have an old lady in the house—I believe that might have some effect upon him."

"I've tried that already," I replied, remembering, with a twinge of conscience, that my efforts had not been altogether of the disinterested nature suggested by my companion. "I put it to him in that way the other day, but his answer was that it wouldn't be of so much consequence to me now, as I shall be very little at home in the future. He thinks I ought to be going in for a career of some kind."

This conversation took place as we were walking back from the Broads, whither we had been to inspect the decoys and to hear Bunce's views upon the prospects of the duck-shooting season, which was now within a few days of opening. My instinctive antipathy to Mrs. Farquhar was not lessened by what the General had said, but it was beginning to be mingled with a considerable spice of curiosity; and while I was dressing for dinner I busied myself with many conjectures as to the character of this singular lady,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

"I CAN SEE HIM SITTING THERE NOW, ONE HAND CLASPING THE STEM OF HIS GLASS, THE OTHER THRUST INTO HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET."

whose sons appeared to regard her with something of the feeling ascribed by the poet to the neighbors of Peter Bell. What made the matter the more inexplicable was that these two sons were as kind-hearted a couple of men as could have been found throughout the length and breadth of England; and I was not altogether sorry that Mrs. Farquhar was about to pay us a visit, though I had no wish that the visit should be a protracted one.

At dinner the General, who had been fidgety and unlike himself during the day, displayed his usual good spirits, and favored us with many jokes and anecdotes. Across the mists of years I can see him sitting there now, one hand clasping the stem of his glass, the other thrust into his waistcoat pocket, and his jolly face one great beaming smile. "Did I ever tell you about my meeting the old Bishop of Cirencester when I was in command of the 117th? Gad! I shall never forget it. 'Colonel,' he said, 'what do you cast horses for?' 'What for?' says I; 'oh, because they're unsound, gone in the wind, or otherwise unfit for their work.' 'Well,' says the old chap, 'I can't make it out. My coachman bought one of your cast horses for me the other day, and neither he nor I can discover anything wrong with him. A big black horse, with one white stocking—' 'Oh dear, oh dear!' I said; 'for Heaven's sake, my lord, keep it dark! Why, that's the troop sergeant-major's horse, and—ha! ha! ha!'" etc., etc.

I wonder how many times we had laughed at that time-honored yarn. I am not sure that I ever saw the point of it, or made out how it was that the sergeant-major's horse had been sold; but I would defy any one to have looked at the General's face as he told it and not laughed.

My uncle, it struck me, laughed rather more heartily than usual; and from this and other symptoms, such as the production of a certain green-sealed Burgundy after dinner, I was led to suspect him of a design to keep the General in good humor. But if he flattered himself that he was going to escape his lecture, that bottle of Burgundy had been brought up from the cellar in vain. No sooner was the cloth removed—I am writing of the era when people used to sit an hour after dinner, and see their opposite neighbors reflected upside down in mahogany tables—no sooner, I say, had Cooper and the cloth vanished than the General opened fire. "What's this I hear, Bernard, about my mother taking up her abode with you?"

"I can't tell you what you may have heard," answered my uncle, placidly.

"But is it a fact? That's what I want to know."

"Now, Tom," said my uncle, "I won't be bullied."

"Won't you, though? By George! that's just what you will be if you allow her to establish herself in your house."

The full brilliancy of this repartee did not appear to strike the General until he had thought it over, for there was a lapse of some seconds before he went off into a series of suppressed chuckles. "It won't do, you know," he resumed at last, recovering his gravity; "it really will *not* do."

"So Charley has been telling me," observed my uncle.

"And quite right, too. Charley never spoke a truer word in his life. And I must say, Bernard," continued the General, with a wink at me, "that I think this is a matter upon which Charley is entitled to be heard. You ought to consider how it will affect him before you decide upon making such a change."

"Well," said my uncle, "I haven't decided yet."

"Ah, but you're wavering, my dear fellow; and you mustn't waver. I know what you are, Bernard; you like to turn a question over and over, and hear what everybody has to say about it, and look at it from all the points of the compass, before you make up your mind. That may be a very good system to go upon for ordinary every-day work, but it won't meet all cases. And this is just an instance of a case that had much better not be discussed."

"Except with you and Charley, I suppose."

"Bless your heart! I don't want to discuss it; nor does Charley, I'll be bound. We're dead against the plan, both of us. All we want you to do is to make up your mind. Don't you see what will happen if you leave the thing open? Why, some fine morning she'll suggest it herself; and when once she does that, it'll be all up with you."

My uncle, whose eyes had hitherto been fixed upon his dessert knife, which he was balancing upon his forefinger, glancing quickly up at the General now, with a half-amused, half-deprecating smile, "The fact of the matter is that she *has* suggested it," he said.

The General gave a long whistle. "This is bad; this is worse than I expected—by long chalks. What answer did you make?"

"I said I thought we had better take a little more time to consider of it."

"Ah, dear me!" sighed the General, shaking his head mournfully. "You oughtn't to have said that. That wasn't the way to take it at all. You should have rapped out a good round 'No.'"

My uncle laughed outright. "I must confess," he said, "that I was not prepared to be quite so peremptory as that. Doesn't it strike you, Tom, that we are entertaining Charley with a rather shocking display of unfilial feeling?"

"No, it doesn't," returned the General, somewhat tartly. "The boy isn't a fool; he understands well enough. It is not as though my mother would like living here. She would be a thousand times happier in Scotland, where she would have all her relations and friends within hail of her."

"So she says."

"Then, my dear, good fellow, why the deuce don't you urge her to stay there?"

"Her view is that it would be the right thing for her to come here."

"Right thing be hanged! It isn't the right thing; it's the wrong thing!" exclaimed the General, angrily. "Do you think I don't know? I wouldn't have this happen for a thousand pounds. I did hope you were to have peace and quietness for the rest of your days, if you were to have nothing else; and now—now—" If it had not been so absurdly improbable, I could almost have fancied that there were tears in the General's eyes and voice at this point.

"I thought it was upon Charley's account that you objected, Tom," said my uncle, gently.

"Well, well; don't interrupt a man in the middle of his sentence. What I was going to say was that it is your duty to be firm. Just show a little firmness, and depend upon it there'll be no more bother. Why, what should I say if she were to propose to come and live with me?—though Heaven knows she would never worry me a tenth part as much as she will you!—'My dear mother,' I should say, 'it's out of the question. Come and stay whenever you like, and I'll go and see you as often as you want me; but as for our setting up house together, we should be a pair of fools to think of such a thing. You've got decided ideas; so have I—and they are different from yours in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. You like your own way; so do I. Now I put it to you as a wise and superior woman, *could* we live together without making one another wretched? But, whether you agree with me or not, I tell you plainly that I've made up my mind, and that I shall never consent to such an arrangement.' That's what I should say," concluded the General, not without some complacency.

"I am sure I should never be able to put things in that convincing way," observed my uncle. "I'll tell you what, Tom—*you* shall undertake this task for me when she comes. Say all that to her, only substitute my name for yours."

"Eh?" said the General, his face growing perceptibly longer. "Well—I could do that, no doubt; but don't you think it ought to come from you? Thirlby isn't my house, you see."

"Tom, Tom," said my uncle, gravely, "I believe you are afraid of our mother."

"You're another!" retorted the General, laughing, but at the same time looking somewhat crest-fallen. By-and-by he added, in a much more subdued tone than he had hitherto employed: "If you are really in earnest, you know, Bernard, and if you think I could do any good by tackling her, I'll do it like a shot. She can't eat me, when all's said and done."

"No, no," answered my uncle; "I won't put your courage to so severe a test. You are an admirable reasoner, Tom, but some people, as you know, are not amenable to reason. No; I think, in spite of your warning, we will leave the question open for the present. And now pray let us talk about something else. Charley, I hope we are to have some duck this year. Bunce tells me they are getting more and more scarce."

"Bunce says that every summer," I remarked. "He is so afraid of strangers being disappointed that he always likes to prepare them for the worst. I saw plenty of duck this afternoon."

Our little party was less cheerful than usual that night. We were all three conscious of the restraint which is the inevitable consequence of an unfinished discussion, and we went early to bed. That is to say that the General and I went upstairs, while my uncle betook himself to his study, where it was his habit to sit up till the small hours, either reading or writing, for he was something of a bookworm, and would occasionally contribute articles on literary subjects to one of the few Reviews that were then in existence.

Upon the landing I met Mrs. Peters, the housekeeper, returning from the round of inspection which she made every night to see whether the house was on fire, or whether there were burglars concealed under any of the beds; and it occurred to me that I might get some information about Mrs. Farquhar out of her. But Mrs. Peters, who had taught me my Catechism in my childhood, and had looked after my wardrobe ever since, had no sort of respect for me.

"Now you go off to bed, Mr. Charles, and don't worrit me with questions," she said. "The lady will be here soon, and you can judge of her for yourself. I'm not one to chatter about my betters."

"Was there ever anything in the nature of a row between her and my uncle, Peters?" I asked, ignoring this disclaimer.

"Row? What, a quarrel, do you mean? Never was nothink of the sort. Why, you ought to know the Squire better, Mr. Charles, than to think he'd quarrel with one of the family—leastways with his mother."

"Well, I suppose she is one of the family, isn't she? I know there was some trouble, because Bunce told me so."

"I'll speak to that old Bunce for his good next time I see him," cried Mrs. Peters, wrathfully. "He's the foolishest man ever I knew, is Bunce, and that opinionated you'd think he had the wisdom of Solomon to hear him talk. By-gones is by-gones, and they don't concern me nor Bunce, nor you neither, Mr. Charles. You haven't said a word to the Squire, have you?"

"Of course not."

"Don't you do it, there's a good boy. There was a trouble; but it's all over years and years ago, and we sha'n't hear no more of it, please God. It never have been spoke about, nor never will be by me, Mr. Charles."

This was rather tantalizing; but I could not very well press Peters to say more. I only ventured to inquire whether Mrs. Farquhar had been concerned in the trouble alluded to.

"Oh, she!" answered Peters, rather contemptuously. "No, she hadn't nothing to do with it, beyond making the worst of a bad job. There's some folks as is like that, and she were always a weak creetur' to my mind, for all her talking and lecturing."

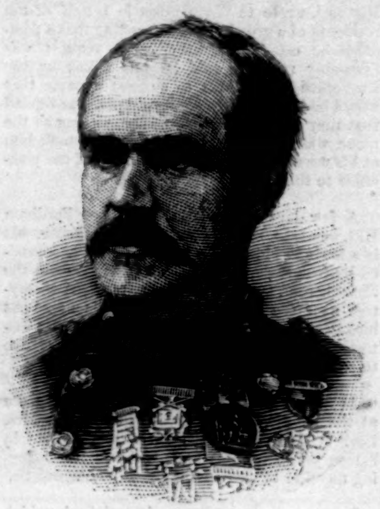
It seemed evident that Mrs. Farquhar's character gave scope for a variety of interpretations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COL. GEORGE E. P. HOWARD, Captain.

S. I. SCOTT.

M. W. BULL.



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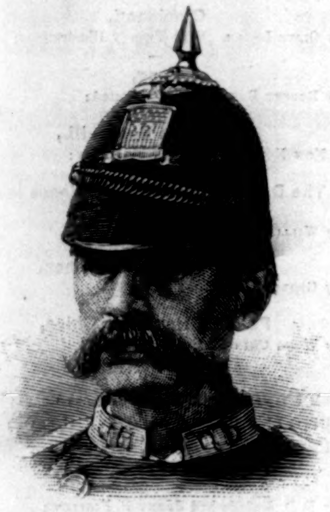

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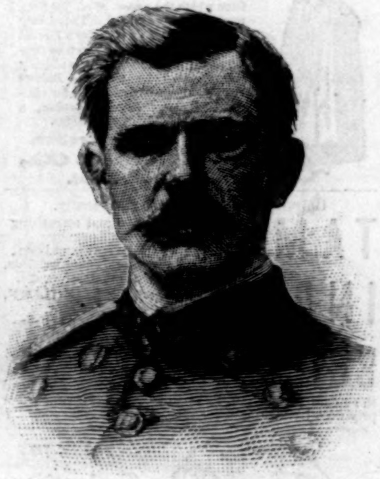

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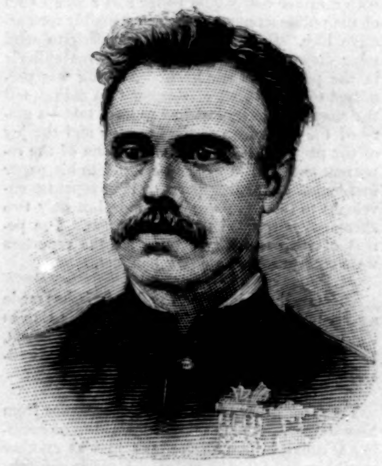

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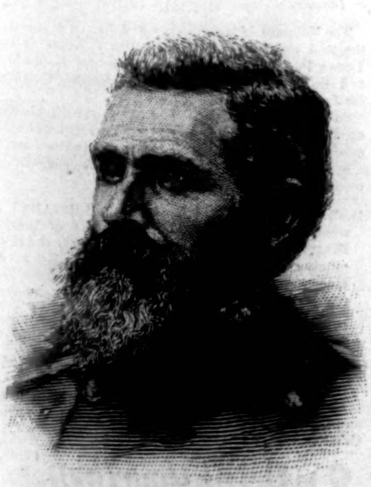

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THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH—THE AMERICAN TEAM.—Photographed by Pach.—[See Page 394.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Several years ago a preacher in Cass County, Missouri, wrote to Washington in behalf of the residents of a growing hamlet, asking that a post-office be established there. The request was favorably received, and he was asked by the Post-office Department to suggest a name that would be acceptable to his neighbors. He replied that they were not hard to please, so long as the name was peculiar. The Department took him at his word, and Peculiar is the name of the post-office to this day.

A few days ago "Poe Cottage," on Fordham Hill, was sold under an auctioneer's hammer. It is a low and old-fashioned farm-house, surrounded by fruit trees. In an upper room, beneath the slanting roof, Poe wrote "The Raven." A cherry-tree near the house bears the poet's name cut into the bark, but the growth of the tree has distorted the letters. The property brought five thousand seven hundred dollars.

According to London *Truth*, a recent ball given at the United States Legation in Paris by Mrs. Levi P. Morton was the finest given there in fifteen years, and was noteworthy for the bringing together of elements politically antagonistic.

It was a queer condition of captivity in which the newspaper reporters who had been sent from foreign lands to describe the coronation of the Russian Czar found themselves. They were hospitably received, and each man was presented with a rather costly gold badge and a small sum of the public money, the latter ostensibly for carriage hire. But when they were ready to send their dispatches they found themselves entirely in the power of their hosts. Nothing was permitted to be sent out of Moscow that did not tell the story the censors wished to have told—a story of the splendors of the occasion and the joy of the people. It is asserted that one of the reporters endeavored to send a letter to his paper in London by mailing parts of it in separate envelopes to the addresses of friends, but only two sheets of it reached their destination. The period of their captivity being over, the reporters were entertained at a costly banquet.

The new English cutter, the *Marjorie*, has made a good beginning by winning the Queen's Cup in the recent regatta at Harwich. The *Miranda*, *Samœna*, *Spendthrift*, and other equally well-known boats were among the competitors.

The latest story of police efficiency comes from New Jersey. A small boy happened to be crossing a canal bridge in Newark just as another small boy fell into the water. A policeman asked the boy on the bridge whether he could swim. The boy said he could, and with great presence of mind the policeman thereupon dropped him over the railing into the canal. After a hard struggle the boy who was dropped in succeeded in rescuing the one who fell in. The policeman has not yet been promoted for his bravery.

Shin Chin Sun, the learned Chinaman who arrived in this country a few days ago from South America with the Vicar Apostolic of Ho-Nan, whose private secretary he is, was not permitted to come ashore, for fear, perhaps, that he might turn out to be an industrious and frugal laundry-man in disguise. So he remained on ship-board, with very little to eat, till the authorities were convinced that he was not bent on augmenting the evil of Chinese cheap labor. Being a philosopher, he made the best of the situation, and his subsequent enjoyment of exercise, air, and food was not lessened by the thought that he had said anything which was unbecoming.

President Arthur has quitted the White House for the season, and is staying at that convenient resort for Presidents, the Soldiers' Home. Nearly all of the many rumors as to where he will spend the heated term agree that he will do more or less fishing. An interesting line of inquiry would be whether the President's special fondness for casting a fly has resulted in making that sport more sought after than it used to be. Under a monarchical government, if it should become known that the sovereign found pleasure in recreation so cheaply obtained as fishing, there would straightway come a "boom" in anglers' utensils.

It is suggested that two difficult problems be solved at once by setting up the Bartholdi statue of Liberty on the top of the Washington Monument.

This announcement is made in a morning paper of this city: "A lady wishes to find a situation for her excellent infant's nurse." As all infants are excellent in the eyes of their mothers, the nurse will probably find an opening if she can bring satisfactory reference from her last employer.

The *Sun* says that the "sudden burst of summer has driven all the world away." There seem to be reasons for believing, however, that an industrious man could find a couple of millions or so of unconsidered persons in this cluster of cities who have not fled to the watering-places. Whether they are to be regarded as any part of the world depends, perhaps, on the point from which they are viewed. The few who are so fortunately situated that they can drop their work—if they happen to have any—and seek the cooler places of the earth upon the approach of warm weather are to be congratulated; and having so much themselves, surely they will not deny the multitude the privilege of being counted as at least some small part of the world of men and women.

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Editor's Historical Record.

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